

BOVARD ON FREE SPEECH ■ RAISING DWIGHT MACDONALD

DECEMBER 15, 2003

The American Conservative



The End of the Affair

FDD: NOT SHILLING FOR SHARON

The American Conservative's piece on the Foundation for the Defense of Democracies (Dec. 1) grossly misrepresented our mission and activities. The subhead claimed that FDD "works to define Sharon's interests as America's." Yet not a single sentence in the article substantiates that charge.

The Arab-Israeli conflict is only one of many issues on which we focus. Our mission is to advocate that terrorism—the deliberate use of violence against civilians in pursuit of a cause—should never be viewed as a legitimate means of resolving grievances. Not only did your article distort our mission, it was chiefly about an entirely different entity: Education, Middle East and Truth, EMET.

Before 9/11, Jack Kemp, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Steve Forbes, and others who were concerned about terrorism—not least about the wave of terrorism directed against Israeli civilians—began to put together EMET. But it never even opened an office. FDD's connection to EMET is that we inherited a core donor base for the broader mission conceived in the wake of the terrorist atrocities of 9/11.

FDD supporters—a fast-growing list—believe that in the 21st century the major threat to democracies comes from terrorists inspired by Islamic extremists and the rogue states that sponsor them. One of our priorities is to support the many brave Muslims and Arabs who condemn terrorism and wish to free their societies.

TAC managed to spin this into the same old conspiracy by the same old suspects. A magazine so young should not be so predictable.

CLIFFORD D. MAY

President, Foundation for the Defense of Democracies
Washington, D.C.

The Editors respond:

Why would Cliff May take issue with a subhead that points out the similarity of his organization's agenda with that of the Sharonist Right? FDD's single television commercial (analyzed in the piece) could not be more explicit in its claim that the Palestinian war against Israel should be understood in exactly the same terms as al-Qaeda's terrorist war on the United States. (This claim is made often by the Israeli Right and its friends in America, though it overlooks the significant fact that the U.S. has not been occupying Arab territory illegally for 36 years.)

That the FDD would broadcast a Likud talking point is hardly shocking. As Daniel McCarthy's piece documents, FDD, under its earlier name, EMET, was founded shortly after Sharon's election—spurring a dispute over whether the controlling power would be vested in Israel's Foreign Ministry or with mega-donors Leonard Abramson, Michael Steinhardt, and Edgar Bronfman.

Nor can we credit Cliff May's claim that the FDD is a distinct organization from EMET: an examination of FDD's incorporating articles yields the surprising fact that they don't actually exist. What does exist is documentation for its parent, EMET.

Given its lineage and most visible activities, we might have expected that Mr. May would find an article pointing out the Sharonist affinities of his organization a badge of honor.

KISS & MAKE UP

Dear Taki,

I appreciate your generous lead-in to your piece, "Slander & Its Uses" (Nov. 17), and I am sorry if I hurt your feelings. I was using this ridiculous call as a kind of barometer of the idiots out there. It reminded me of the best slander ever uttered about me—Bobby Zarem writing to Robert Mulholland of NBC that I

had had a woman killed. After that absurd attack, I always felt safe from Zarem's meanderings. I realized nobody could take him seriously.

So the repetition of that slander was to show *reductio ad absurdum*. I don't think anyone believes you and Mr. Buchanan are neo-Nazis and anti-Semites. And you are incorrect. My calls are answered by whoever is in the office—Denis, Mary Jo, Diane, or Liz. "Screened" isn't the word. We are in the phonebook as M.E. Smith. People call us all the time screaming and carrying on, and we rather enjoy it. I wish you did not want to make more of this than was intended. Writing of Mel Gibson's movie, I recall we received many calls and letters accusing us of anti-Semitism. We printed that accusation against this column and against me as well.

I am sorry that holding the anonymous caller up to ridicule upset you. My point was that the remark was so bad it was good. These callers always hang up before they can be engaged in meaningful argument. Listen, I love you. I admire you.

LIZ SMITH

New York, N.Y.

TRENDSETTER

I'm really pleased with your publication. I've discontinued *Human Events*, *Weekly Standard*, and the weekly edition of the *Washington Times*. Moreover, I've become a registered Independent instead of Republican. After many years with the GOP I simply cannot stomach the invasion and occupation of Iraq. Thankfully I am not alone in recognizing Mr. Bush's mad adventure. Though your publication is woefully short of lavish advertisements, I hope you hang in there.

IRV JACOBS

San Diego, Calif.

The American Conservative welcomes letters to the editor. Submit by e-mail to letters@amconmag.com or by mail to 1300 Wilson Blvd., Suite 120, Arlington, VA 22209.



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COMING SOON TO A MASSACHUSETTS NEAR YOU...

[SOCIETY]

A TRAVESTY OF MARRIAGE

Like, we suspect, tens of millions of others, we wish the subject would just go away. Gay marriage, that is. In a ruling that might have been made in a devilishly Machiavellian moment by Karl Rove himself—three of the four errant justices are Republican appointees—the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled that gays have the right to marry. This ensures that a contentious social issue that favors Republicans will dominate next year's presidential election. The GOP will present itself as defender of an institution necessary for the proper bearing and raising of children—and thus continuation of our society. It will be right to do so. One can nearly imagine it as an al-Qaeda propaganda ploy: "You know, the Americans now allow men to marry each other, and this is the practice they will want to bring to our lands"—except most Arabs would find it too outlandish to be believed.

America has already conceded significant ground to the gay-rights movement. Many are comfortable enough with gay colleagues, gay programming is a primetime staple, and most tolerate gay theater and general campiness. But marriage is another, far more important matter.

Sam Schulman wrote in last month's *Commentary*, "[By] definition, the essence of marriage is to sanction and solemnize the connection of opposites which alone creates new life. Men and women can marry only because they belong to different, opposite sexes. In marriage, they surrender those separate and different sexual allegiances, coming together to form a new entity. Their union is not a formalizing of romantic love but represents a certain idea—a construction, an abstract thought—about how best to formalize the human condition. This thought, embodied in a promise or contract, is what holds mar-



riage together, and the creation of this idea of marriage marks a key moment in the history of human development ..."

And Schulman, further: "Why should I not be able to marry a man? ... However much I might wish to, I cannot be a father to a pebble—I cannot be a brother to a puppy—I cannot make my horse a consul. Just so I cannot, and should not be able to marry a man."

"In a gay marriage, one of the two men must play the woman, or one of the two women must play the man. 'Play' here means travesty—burlesque. ... Their taking over of the form of this crucial and fragile connection of opposites is a travesty of marriage's purpose of protecting, actually and symbolically, the woman who enters into marriage with a man. To burlesque that purpose weakens those protections, and is essentially and profoundly anti-female."

[POSTWAR]

ABOVE THE LAW

Richard Perle is telling the truth. At a speech to the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London, the neocon puppet-master admitted that the invasion of Iraq was illegal. Not that he cares. "International law ... would have required us to leave Saddam Hussein alone," Perle told an astonished audience. "I think in this case international law stood in the way of doing the right thing." He went on to express the view of "some senior voices in American public life"—doubtless his

own in particular—that "if it's the case that international law doesn't permit unilateral pre-emptive action without the authority of the UN, then the defect is in international law."

Some might cheer Perle's assertion as the ultimate declaration of American sovereignty. But dismissing years of international agreement should not be the prerogative of one lordly hand. World opinion matters. Likewise shared conventions. If we flout their counsel, we cannot expect allies to rush in. As the *Saturday Evening Post* editorialist Gareth Garrett wrote, "Is it security you want? There is no security at the top of the world."

[POLITICS]

ROVE'S DUPES

Many in the pro-life movement wonder why their cause grows in popularity but gains little in political traction. Candidates take them for granted; officeholders compromise; important bills languish in legislative oblivion.

It is common knowledge in Washington that issues with powerful lobbies prosper: gun owners have the NRA, and the elderly have the AARP. Pro-lifers, though, have nothing of the kind. Their best-known organization, the National Right to Life Committee (NRLC), is politically feckless, caring more for access than for principle.

Case in point: the NRLC's stance on the Medicare-reform bill. Through logic

so convoluted as to be nearly impenetrable, the committee construes the largest expansion of the welfare state in a generation as a “vital pro-life issue.” (Medicare currently forbids seniors to spend more for health care than the state will pay, which the NRLC calls “a dangerous form of involuntary euthanasia.”) Should the conference report—most famous for its prescription-drug benefit—include a provision allowing “senior citizens to add their own funds on top of the government contribution,” the NRLC might score the vote—and penalize those congressmen who say nay.

One suspects that the administration has conned the NRLC into whipping conservatives who balk at supporting a \$400 billion entitlement. Those who hold fast would see their rankings sink, while liberals and moderates who routinely deny the right to life would win unexpected brownie points.

If it were serious about carrying the weight the grassroots expect, the NRLC would push for legislation that really saves lives, not toady for an administration of questionable pro-life commitment and quasi-socialist inclinations.

[IMMIGRATION]

UNCHECKED BAGGAGE

It sounds at first like a scene from a sci-fi thriller: a rare parasite infects the blood supply and victims meet a gory end when their hearts or intestines explode. But this is no special effect played on a soundstage. It's very much real and increasingly less rare.

The infection, called Chagas, is well known in Mexico and Central and South America, where 18 million are infected and 50,000 die annually. In the U.S. and Canada, only nine cases have occurred in the last 20 years. But now Yale's Dr. Ravi Durvasula calls Chagas “one of the top threats to the blood supply.”

As immigrants stream northward, many may carry the disease without

knowing. Chagas can incubate for 10 to 30 years, come on suddenly, and kill quickly. There is no vaccine and no known treatment. Neither has the FDA approved any method for screening donated blood.

SARS raised awareness of immigrant-imported epidemics, and recent reports track the reintroduction of infectious diseases unseen for generations. Chagas may be the latest deadly side effect of open-borders, and it may already be more with us than we know.

[CULTURE]

CROSSING SWORDS

Islam now penetrates deeper into Europe than at any time since repulsion of the Turks from the gates of Vienna—on Sept. 11, 1683. And as native birthrates decline and immigration accelerates, the newcomers are making their cultural demands known. Headscarves in France, mosques in Geneva, a ban on hot-cross buns in English schools.

Geography has made Italy the gateway to Europe for immigrants from across North Africa and the Middle East, and the spiritual center of Western Christianity has not been spared. Last year, police arrested five men plotting to bomb Bologna's San Petronio basilica, which houses a Dante-inspired Renaissance fresco showing Muhammad in hell. 2001 saw the break-up of a Milanese cell instrumental to al-Qaeda's Continental operations.

But perhaps the boldest attack on Italy's ancient Christian tradition was a recent judicial ruling ordering the removal of crucifixes from the schoolrooms of Ofena, near Rome. (Italian law permits such displays, but a self-appointed Muslim spokesman took offense.) For once, Italy's fractious political classes were united—in refreshing outrage. Giuseppe Vacca, a prominent Italian Communist, said, “I don't know of a higher symbol in the world than

Christ's cross.” Italy's president called the school crucifix “a symbol of values that form the foundation of our identity.” And Pope John Paul declared, “Recognizing (a nation's) religious heritage means recognizing the symbols that set it apart.”

A higher court subsequently overturned the lower's iconoclastic verdict, and crucifixes will stay, for now. Europe, one might hope, has learned that no society need make excuses for defending its culture, especially when that culture is Christendom.

[MEDIA]

SMOKELESS GUN

After months of struggling to make an elective war look mandatory, the *Weekly Standard* finally held the smoking gun. For half a day. Until the bigger guns shot down its story.

Under the smug title, “Case Closed,” the *Standard* offered “a top secret U.S. government memorandum” as proof “Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein had an operational relationship ...” The classified memo, a response to Senate questions about administration intelligence claims, was written by Undersecretary of Defense Douglas Feith. Problem is, by Saturday evening—after the supposed scoop was released that morning—the Defense Department dismissed the Feith memo as containing “raw reports” and made clear that the leaked document “was not an analysis of the substantive issue of the relationship between Iraq and al Qaeda and drew no conclusions.” It called the leak “deplorable.”

For an agency desperate to put a positive gloss on an unpopular occupation, this swift denunciation was surprising. We have learned that Rumsfeld himself, traveling in Asia, authorized the take-down. As to whether Feith was freelancing by leaking a classified document—the recipient committee denies

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impropriety—word is he may have passed off to a contractor. Would the neoconservative publication of record put its faith in an underling without the undersecretary's knowledge? Not likely.

We may soon find out. The Senate Intelligence Committee and CIA have asked the Justice Department to investigate, and the NSA and DIA may follow suit. Whatever the legal ramifications, the neocon spin machine seems to be off-balance—and their “Case Closed” just became, once again, a case not proved.

[BUDGET]

SEEING RED

It's enough to make conservatives wish Bill Clinton were back to pronounce the Era of Big Government over. Almost. The numbers are in for the last fiscal year, and with a Republican president and Congressional majority, the GOP has only itself to blame. After a two-year binge, discretionary spending has soared 27 percent and shows no sign of braking. Standard RNC rebuttals notwithstanding, the War on Terror offers no loophole: last year non-military discretionary spending totaled \$418.6 billion and excusing all “emergency spending” still nets a 7.9 percent annual increase.

During the Clinton '90s, while Republicans were justifiably exercised about liberal spending schemes, discretionary spending rose an average of 2.4 percent a year. Those were the days. Bush largesse has since benefited elective line-items like education and agriculture, not to mention entitlement hikes of \$2.16 trillion last year alone.

On this evidence, voters might be forgiven for wondering how Democrats and Republicans differ—unless they just surmise that both pledge allegiance to big government. The dim dividing line is that one party at least admits that spending requires taxing.

[THE RIGHT]

WILL BREAKS RANKS

Last month, George Will gave the annual Wriston lecture before the Manhattan Institute—a wealthy neoconservative group of businessmen and policy intellectuals. Guests can usually count on having their prejudices massaged by a learned conservative luminary—and who would have expected George Will, perhaps the most establishment-oriented and reliably Republican of right-wing commentators, to trouble them?

But trouble them he did. Will—who in recent columns has been displaying an interesting streak of independence from the Bush foreign policy—despaired of the president's expressed intent to emulate Woodrow Wilson's democracy crusading. Going to war to democratize the Middle East (Bush's latest justification for invading Iraq) is absurd. “Iraq is just three people away from democracy—George Washington, James Madison, and John Marshall,” he quipped. Will argued, contra Bush and his neoconservative advisors, that the U.S. should maintain a healthy regard for national sovereignty.

While such themes are familiar to *TAC* readers, it is hard to underestimate their significance coming from someone in Will's position. His talk signaled the disaffection of an influential member of Washington's conservative establishment, a man who could long be counted on to put an erudite Tory polish on the administration's policies, and who was always considered a reliable ally of the neoconservatives.

Washington hawks will see it as a defection and will worry about containing the damage. But one can see Will's turn as foreshadowing a wider phenomenon: recognition by the conservative mainstream that inverted Trotskyism in Wilsonian guise has driven America into an ugly mess in Iraq and has the potential—if not checked—to do this country far greater harm. ■

Stand Up to Sharon

Israel is a “thunderously failed reality” that “rests on a scaffolding of corruption, and on foundations of oppression and injustice.” Were these words spoken by

an American leader, he would be denounced as an anti-Semite.

But these are the words of a former speaker of the Israeli Knesset who cries for his country. “The countdown to the end of Israeli society has begun,” writes Avraham Burg, “the end of the Zionist enterprise is already on our doorstep.”

“Israel, having ceased to care about the children of the Palestinians, should not be surprised when they come washed in hatred and blow themselves up in the centers of Israeli escapism.” Burg implores “Diaspora Jews” to “speak out.” To little avail.

Why? Why, when a Knesset member is unintimidated, are we so silent? Why, when Ariel Sharon is dragging America’s good name through the mud and blood of Ramallah and Jenin, are we so tongue-tied? Did not Burke instruct us, “To sin by silence when they should protest makes cowards out of men”?

Israelis are speaking truth to power. Army Chief of Staff Moshe Yaalon has told Israel’s press it was Sharon who undermined Palestinian leader Mahmoud Abbas. Twenty-seven Israeli Air Force pilots have refused to obey “immoral orders” for air strikes on “populated civilian centers.”

Five hundred Israeli soldiers have refused to take part in the repression. Four ex-chiefs of Shin Beit—Ami Ayalon, Carmi Gillon, Yaakov Peri, Avraham Shalom—have charged Sharon with leading Israel to ruin. “We are heading downhill toward near-catastrophe,” says Peri, “If we go on living by the

sword, we will continue to wallow in the mud and destroy ourselves.”

Ayalon and Palestinian academic Sari Nusseibeh have issued a declaration of principles calling for Israel’s withdrawal to her 1967 borders. Ex-Justice minister Yossi Beilin has negotiated a detailed accord with a former Palestinian minister. Colin Powell wrote a letter of support. Where is George W. Bush?

Why is he silent when Sharon has led us into a cul-de-sac from which he cannot find an exit? Why is our president letting Sharon ravage what is left of our reputation in the Arab world? Sharon promised peace and security. He has delivered war and hatred. Over 700 Israelis are dead. Some 2,500 Palestinians have died, including hundreds of children. Scores of thousands have been wounded. Homes and olive groves have been destroyed.

Yet still Sharon approves new settlements without a peep of protest from President Bush. When Howard Dean suggested that U.S. Mideast policy needed to be more “even-handed,” he was warned by Democratic bosses never to use that term again. Why are our politicians so craven, so terrified of an Israeli lobby that does not speak for Israel, let alone for America?

Israel is in an existential crisis. Its options for survival are narrowing by the month. It can push all the Palestinians into Jordan, a monstrous crime of ethnic cleansing some on the Israeli Right are advocating. It can wall off Israel and Jerusalem and leave the

Palestinians in a truncated, tiny state that will become an eternal spawning pool of terror, as Sharon is now doing.

Or it can give the Palestinians what Oslo, Camp David, Taba, the Saudi Plan, and “road map” promised: a homeland.

If Israel is to remain democratic and Jewish, she must either let the West Bank, Gaza, and East Jerusalem go—or annex them all and grant Palestinians full rights as citizens in a binational state. Are Israeli Jews willing to practice in their country what American Jews preach in ours, equality and multiculturalism?

Israel is free to choose her course. But America needs a Middle East policy Made in the USA, not in Tel Aviv—or at AIPAC or AEI. President Bush should restate U.S. support for the survival of Israel but also register America’s disgust with Sharon’s duplicitous policy of creeping annexationism and repression, while talking of peace.

Sharon should be told to vacate every settlement and outpost put up since Bush took office and to tear down any part of his new wall that encroaches on the land of the coming nation of Palestine. Else, American aid stops.

If this undermines Sharon, so much the better. If we are to preach democracy to the Arabs, let us also preach it to the regime that claims to be the only democracy in the region as it holds three million persecuted Palestinians in human bondage.

As Israel’s benefactor and guardian, we have a right to demand that our values be respected in her treatment of the Palestinians, that our vital interests always be kept in mind, as they have rarely been in 50 years.

If Mr. Burg can stand up to Sharon, why cannot Mr. Bush? ■



The End of the Affair

The breakdown of the Anglo-American alliance

By Stuart Reid

PA PHOTOS

LONDON—The last time I turned out for a U.S. president was in 1961 when John F. Kennedy came to town. He drove through London with Jackie in an open limo. I caught the show in Victoria Street and ran cheering after the motorcade. Maybe I wept. I was only 18 and, like most Englishmen, I loved Jack Kennedy. The Cold War was at its height. The Soviet Union had weapons of mass destruction, and they were aimed at us. The United States and Great Britain faced a common enemy, and—or so we thought at the time—Uncle Sam was all that stood between us and the Red Army and its firing squads, death camps, and ban on rock and roll. Of course we can all now see that the road from Kennedy's inaugural address—indeed, from the Gettysburg Address—leads straight to Baghdad, but back then the Great Pretender seemed a warrior prince. The assassination of Jack Kennedy shocked me more than any other event in my lifetime.

The state visit of President George W. Bush—the first since the meddlesome Woodrow Wilson was put up by George V in 1918—seemed very different. Few

Englishmen love this American president. Two days before he arrived (with his 250 security men, three 747s, four cooks, two helicopters, 15 sniffer dogs, and—or is this an urban myth?—one Korean food-taster), the *Sunday Times* carried a poll showing that 60 percent of Britons regarded him as a threat to peace (though on the plus side 7 per cent said he was a good world leader). That's why, unlike Nicolae Ceausescu on his state visit, Bush did not drive down the Mall in a carriage with the queen.

It was American security, not the royal household, that insisted on dispensing with that hallowed tradition and keeping the president in a bombproof bubble. But there are limits. The queen refused to have the Palace restructured to strengthen it against airborne attack. Her not unreasonable view seems to have been that if terrorists hijacked a plane and flew it into Buck House, they'd all be goners, so why mess with the pelmeting? On the other hand, she—or an aide—agreed to the faux medieval awning in red, white, and blue that was erected at the entrance to the Palace. It looked like the Fourth of July in Muncie, Indiana.

What humiliating times we live in. The royal family is in almost as much trouble as Michael Jackson. Having made the mistake of hiring gay staff—apparently on a whim of the late Queen Mother—the Palace is now reaping a whirlwind of spite from disaffected pantry boys and the like. In the days immediately before George and Laura arrived, the tabloids were encouraging speculation about unmentionable acts involving a member of the queen's immediate family. There was shameful sniggering at dinner parties. The term "blow job" seemed to be everywhere. Maybe, therefore, the state visit was a welcome relief to the queen. At least it changed the agenda.

It was not a welcome relief to anyone in government, however. A week before the visit the prime minister said, "This is exactly the right time for [Bush] to come." Before he left Washington for London the president said that he was looking forward to a "fun experience." As far as Whitehall was concerned, however, this was a trip from hell. One Downing Street insider said, "That man seems to cause us no end of trouble, doesn't he?" What really vexed the polit-

ical establishment was not so much the fury of the mob as the scorn of upper-middle-class Tories in the home counties. There is a snob thing going on here, and, yes, it is disgusting, but this is England, or *la perfide Albion*, as our French friends call it.

The unique Anglo-American alliance—the so-called special relationship—is almost certainly in terminal decline. On the surface, of course, it seems stronger than ever. No prime minister since the Second World War has given an American president as blank a check as the one Blair handed to Bush after 9/11. But the special relationship has always been a British conceit, and it exists today almost entirely in Blair's head. A measure of the emptiness of the relationship—and of Blair's head—is that Great Britain has staged the largest antiwar rallies of any nation in the world. Though most Britons blame Blair, and Blair alone, for taking us into Iraq, they resent the Bush administration for what they see as its corn, its hubris, and its refusal to cut us any slack. The feeling is growing that America can rely on us, but we can't rely on America. During his visit, Bush refused to reach an accommodation with Blair over steel tariffs, farm subsidies, and—most pressing of all—Guantanamo Bay, where Her Majesty's subjects are being illegally held.

Facile observations of that sort sadden David Frum, who was shipped in by the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Osservatore Romano* of neoconservatism, to dump on the protesters. He tackled the job with the sort of sanctimonious zeal one associates with Michael Moore. Though the big march attracted more than 100,000 people—a larger turnout than the organizers had expected—Frum described it (in his *National Review Online* blog) as “relatively small and comparatively listless.” I must have been at another demo.

All the usual noisy and noisome sus-

pects were there: international socialists, gentleman farmers, patriotic American mothers, Islamofascists, regular fascists, algebraic geometers, enemy aliens, charity workers, pacifists, daughters of baronets, nuns. It was pretty good-natured, and not at all anti-American, unless you think it anti-American to

dom of abuse—that they would deny the Iraqis. If you are against the war, so the argument goes, you are for torture and murder. Here's another version of the same argument: if you opposed a nuclear strike against Moscow in 1956, you were for the murder and torture in Hungary.

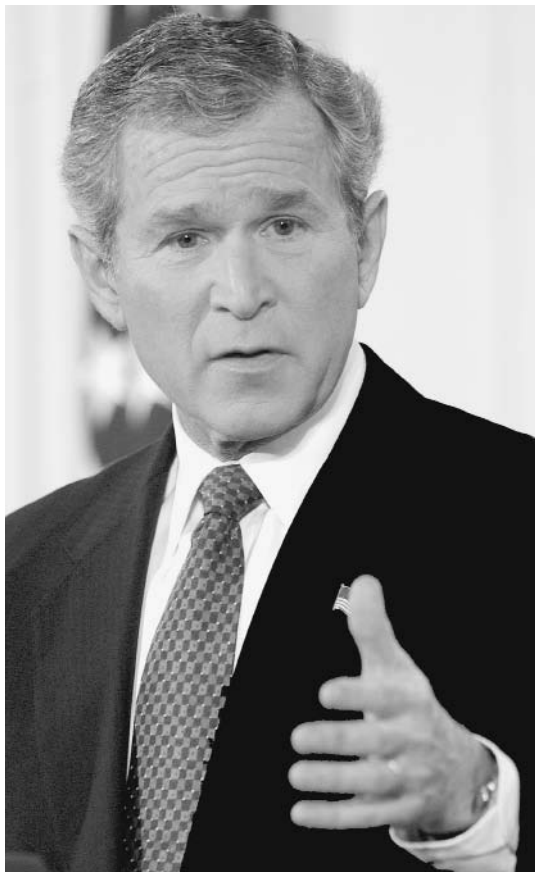
THOUGH MOST BRITONS BLAME BLAIR FOR TAKING US INTO IRAQ, THEY RESENT THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION FOR WHAT THEY SEE AS ITS CORN, ITS HUBRIS, AND ITS REFUSAL TO CUT US ANY SLACK.

burn Old Glory, chant “F—k Bush,” and smoke grass in public. I admit that the toppling of the president's statue in Trafalgar Square was not exactly cricket—Bush is no more to be equated with Saddam than Saddam is with Hitler—but it had a significance that was lost on most observers. There were 20,000 cheering, stomping, whistling people in the square when Bush bit the dust. When the statue of Saddam came down in Baghdad's Fardus Square on April 9—the Berlin Wall moment—there were at most 200 people present, plus a couple of relatively small and comparatively listless camels. They would not have been able to register their spontaneous joy at being liberated had it not been for the spontaneous arrival of a Marine tank crew and the spontaneous discovery of a tow-chain.

The Trafalgar Square stunt made Frum shake his head in virtuous sorrow and stunned disbelief. At least, however, he avoided the usual trick of the War Party, which is to observe that it is ironic, isn't it, that the marchers enjoy the very freedom—free-

Instead of focusing on irony, Frum decided to berate the protesters for not showing the correct sort of anger about the bomb attacks in Istanbul. “I asked everyone to whom I talked in Trafalgar Square to express for the record an unqualified condemnation of





As the world becomes daily more dangerous, Bush's "bring 'em on" rhetoric has lost some of its strength and conviction. The line now is: "Oh, be nice! All we want to do is bring you freedom'n'democracy." The coalition is losing in Iraq. One week it looks as though Bush is going to cut and run, since he doesn't want American boys being blown to pieces on the eve of a presidential election. The next week, it looks as though he will appoint an insta-government in Baghdad and hand over security and the daily dribble of death to the Iraqis, among them, no doubt, unreconstructed Ba'athists. That would leave his boys to do the iron-hammer stuff: bomb empty warehouses and build ten-pin bowling alleys.

The bigger the military, the harder the fall. America may be the most powerful nation in the history of the world—she

sity. America's perceived strength, in other words, may turn out to be her weakness.

Having said that she could handle Iraq without the UN, the United States now wants the UN on board. The solution may be to send in NATO under a UN mandate. This might involve the French, which would be piquant. Though a practicing Atlanticist, Blair has taken so many hits over Iraq that it is unthinkable that he will join another U.S. action against a rogue state. Is Blair about to apostatize? He is committed not only to the European line on Iran, Syria, and Palestine, but also, in spite of some foot-stamping the end of November, to the European constitution, a European military force, and the euro. These are all federalist projects that will make the European Union increasingly independent of the United States. That does not mean that it will be hostile. Nonetheless, the idea of a truly united Europe scares the neocons. Think of a France the size of the United States, only richer and smarter.

And yet ... we live in a time of accelerating history. The European dream may prove to be the flop that Eurosceptics and neocons pray it will be. At the same time, however, the United States may, as some

the murder of their fellow Britons in Istanbul," he wrote. "None of them could do it. 'Of course, I condemn it,' they would say, and then, with a pause of barely a comma, they quickly added some words to the effect of: 'But you have to understand how we have driven the bombers to do such things.'" No nuance is allowed in the world of the Manichee. Everything is absolute. I am reminded of something author Bill Kauffman said to me shortly after 9/11: "The word 'but' has been banned in America." Of course, the bombers alone are responsible for killing 27 people and injuring a further 450, they alone are guilty, but—but—what happened in Istanbul did not take place in a moral and historical vacuum. British targets were hit because of Blair's close ties with Bush. More British targets will be hit.

can obliterate whole countries, whole continents—but when it comes to defeating men on the ground she finds herself wrong-footed and outwitted, not

AS THE WORLD BECOMES **DAILY MORE DANGEROUS**, BUSH'S "BRING 'EM ON" RHETORIC HAS **LOST SOME OF ITS STRENGTH AND CONVICTION**. THE LINE NOW IS: **"OH, BE NICE! ALL WE WANT TO DO IS BRING YOU FREEDOM'N'DEMOCRACY."**

so much eagle as elephant. For all her firepower, she is helpless against a resistance fighter with a donkey cart and a homemade rocket-launcher. Size is not always the same as strength. In America's case, size—accompanied by a reliance on fabulously expensive technology—is beginning to look like obe-

in Old Europe hope, drown in a pool of grease and become the Brazil of the Northern Hemisphere. If the USE and the USA were both to fail, the meek might at last inherit the Earth. Or the Chinese. ■

Stuart Reid is deputy editor of the Spectator.

Goose Chase

A heavy-handed drug raid reveals the decay of small-town America.

By Anthony Gancarski

GOOSE CREEK IS ONE of the bigger towns in Berkeley County, S.C., just a few miles up U.S. Highway 52 from Charleston. In the spring, there's a Farmers Market that accepts fresh produce for the Plant-A-Row-For-The-Hungry program to help neighbors in need. This time of year, as the morning air tends toward crispness, on the weekends people hunt deer with shotguns, as often as not with people they've known for decades. Goose Creek is a place where families know families, or at least that's how I remember it from growing up nearby.

It must not be that way anymore. The Goose Creek I remember wouldn't have allowed local police to storm the halls of Stratford High School and order children to the floor at gunpoint so they could conduct a search for anything, even illegal drugs. Officers burst into the 2,700-student facility recently, screaming at pupils to lie face down, before rifling through their bags.

Was it worth it? Twelve backpacks contained what news reports call "residue." No arrests were made. Police based their decision to raid the school on closed-circuit footage that suggested "drug activity"; a spokesman for the local constabulary added that the officers who had drawn their weapons were "not pointing at the faces or heads of the students." Stratford's Principal, George McCrackin, defended the raid by saying "the volume and the amount of marijuana coming into the school is unacceptable."

This wouldn't have happened a couple of decades ago, not in Goose Creek, a predominately white enclave of roughly

30,000 souls. Drugs weren't legal or encouraged anywhere then, of course, but it nonetheless would have been unthinkable for cops to storm a building and stand over the sons and daughters of the people with whom they hunted, fished, and worshipped. It would have been seen as a violation of another man's children and, by proxy, his manhood.

Of course, in this current era, government acting *in loco parentis* has come to be expected. News stories about the plight of underpaid teachers usually include at least one of them grouching about how children aren't raised right at home. And they're correct, of course. As Americans work more hours, and as women spend less time in the home and more time in the workplace, who raises the children? Suffice it to say that the tender mercies of government public schools are a poor substitute for living, breathing, blood-kin role models.

When I was teaching Freshman Composition at the university level, my diagnostic essay assignment (conducted to

The essays submitted by the students, though wildly variant in terms of writing skill, sounded the same bleakly atonal note. A rotund white girl with a big nose and a Philadelphia accent claimed that high school had "infuriated" her day after day, and that she only got through four years by borrowing liberally from her parents' Xanax. A strapping soccer player from Trinidad, who moved to the United States at the age of 14, wrote in painstaking cursive that he had been rebuked by his school district's superintendent for saying he'd prefer reform school to high school—the former struck him as more honest.

And the great irony of the essays' similarities to each other was that these students were all educated in the "It Takes a Village" era. Rather than feeling school was an opportunity to revel in each other's diversity, these students wrote of impenetrable caste systems. Football players wrote of team-bus jokes where a freshman or other newbie was forced to eat feces on a sandwich. Girls' volleyball

GOVERNMENT ACTING IN LOCO PARENTIS HAS COME TO BE EXPECTED.

get a writing sample, evidence of style, etc.) focused on what high school was like for the matriculating college freshman. The responses could lead a reasonable person to wonder if public schools are intended primarily to impart necessary knowledge and skill sets, or if they're set up deliberately to socialize children into unthinking followers of orders.

players wrote about coaches taking liberties with them. Assuming that even half of what I received were factual accounts, I can only conclude that public schools taught more social than academic lessons. The great majority of my students claimed never to have read a full book during the 12 years of schooling prior to my class. Instead, they

watched movies in class and learned to write (and think and even pray) in passive voice.

Passive voice is inevitable in the young as they now exist, their language a honking medley of ums, ers, likes, and you knows. They are encouraged to hedge their bets, to do as they are told. Such a tendency has a certain utility, if the ideal human condition is that of an automaton, and if the people issuing directives are beyond corruption or error.

Experience teaches us that no one is beyond either. Not the bus driver in Jacksonville, Fla., contracted through private company First Student, who refused to pick up Muslim middle-school students on her route. Nor her colleague who kicked those same students off her bus for being “too loud.” Yet these drivers, despite proving unworthy of the responsibility, are put in the position of modeling adult behavior to impressionable youngsters twice daily. Charged with that formidable task, the drivers show, yet again, that most people make better role models when not given absolute authority over a situation.

I won my first turkey shoot on a raw, drizzly November night in Goose Creek. Between shots at the target I remember standing with other shooters—retired World War II vets, truck drivers, children with whom I played Pee Wee League Football—warming my hands by a controlled fire flickering orange from within a metal barrel. It’s hard to imagine such a time and a place existed in light of the dispiriting news from venerable Stratford High. Knowing that the Goose Creek situation will only set a precedent for actions like this at other public schools leads me to just one question. What kind of children will be born to people taught that the best way to resolve a social problem is at gunpoint? ■

Anthony Gancarski, a writer in Jacksonville, Fla., is a columnist for Antiwar.com.

“Free-Speech Zone”

The administration quarantines dissent.

By James Bovard

ON DEC. 6, 2001, Attorney General John Ashcroft informed the Senate Judiciary Committee, “To those who scare peace-loving people with phantoms of lost liberty ... your tactics only aid terrorists, for they erode our national unity and ... give ammunition to America’s enemies.” Some commentators feared that Ashcroft’s statement, which was vetted beforehand by top lawyers at the Justice Department, signaled that this White House would take a far more hostile view towards opponents than did recent presidents. And indeed, some Bush administration policies indicate that Ashcroft’s comment was not a mere throwaway line.

When Bush travels around the United States, the Secret Service visits the location ahead of time and orders local police to set up “free speech zones” or “protest zones” where people opposed to Bush policies (and sometimes sign-carrying supporters) are quarantined. These zones routinely succeed in keeping protesters out of presidential sight and outside the view of media covering the event.

When Bush came to the Pittsburgh area on Labor Day 2002, 65-year-old retired steel worker Bill Neel was there to greet him with a sign proclaiming, “The Bush family must surely love the poor, they made so many of us.” The local police, at the Secret Service’s behest, set up a “designated free-speech zone” on a baseball field surrounded by a chain-link fence a third of a mile from the location of Bush’s speech. The police cleared the path of the motorcade of all critical signs, though folks with

pro-Bush signs were permitted to line the president’s path. Neel refused to go to the designated area and was arrested for disorderly conduct; the police also confiscated his sign. Neel later commented, “As far as I’m concerned, the whole country is a free speech zone. If the Bush administration has its way, anyone who criticizes them will be out of sight and out of mind.”

At Neel’s trial, police detective John Ianachione testified that the Secret Service told local police to confine “people that were there making a statement pretty much against the president and his views” in a so-called free speech area. Paul Wolf, one of the top officials in the Allegheny County Police Department, told *Salon* that the Secret Service “come in and do a site survey, and say, ‘Here’s a place where the people can be, and we’d like to have any protesters put in a place that is able to be secured.’” Pennsylvania district judge Shirley Rowe Trkula threw out the disorderly conduct charge against Neel, declaring, “I believe this is America. Whatever happened to ‘I don’t agree with you, but I’ll defend to the death your right to say it’?”

Similar suppressions have occurred during Bush visits to Florida. A recent *St. Petersburg Times* editorial noted, “At a Bush rally at Legends Field in 2001, three demonstrators—two of whom were grandmothers—were arrested for holding up small handwritten protest signs outside the designated zone. And last year, seven protesters were arrested when Bush came to a rally at the USF Sun Dome. They had refused to be cor-

doned off into a protest zone hundreds of yards from the entrance to the Dome." One of the arrested protesters was a 62-year-old man holding up a sign, "War is good business. Invest your sons." The seven were charged with trespassing, "obstructing without violence and disorderly conduct."

Police have repressed protesters during several Bush visits to the St. Louis area as well. When Bush visited on Jan. 22, 2003, 150 people carrying signs were shunted far away from the main action and effectively quarantined. Denise Lieberman of the ACLU of Eastern Missouri commented, "No one could see them from the street. In addition, the media were not allowed to talk to them. The police would not allow any media inside the protest area and wouldn't allow any of the protesters out of the protest zone to talk to the media." When Bush stopped by a Boeing plant to talk to workers, Christine Mains and her five-year-old daughter disobeyed orders to move to a small protest area far from the action. Police arrested Mains and took her and her crying daughter away in separate squad cars.

The Justice Department is now prosecuting Brett Bursey, who was arrested for holding a "No War for Oil" sign at a Bush visit to Columbia, S.C. Local police, acting under Secret Service orders, established a "free speech zone" half a mile from where Bush would speak. Bursey was standing amid hundreds of people carrying signs praising the president. Police told Bursey to remove himself to the "free speech zone."

Bursey refused and was arrested. Bursey said that he asked the policeman if "it was the content of my sign, and he said, 'Yes, sir, it's the content of your sign that's the problem.'" Bursey stated that he had already moved 200 yards from where Bush was supposed to speak. Bursey later complained, "The problem was, the restricted area kept moving. It was wher-

ever I happened to be standing."

Bursey was charged with trespassing. Five months later, the charge was dropped because South Carolina law prohibits arresting people for trespassing on public property. But the Justice Department—in the person of U.S. Attorney Strom Thurmond Jr.—quickly jumped in, charging Bursey with violating a rarely enforced federal law regarding "entering a restricted area around the President of the United States." If convicted, Bursey faces a six-month trip up the river and a \$5000 fine. Federal magistrate Bristow Marchant denied Bursey's request for a jury trial because his violation is categorized as a "petty offense." Some observers believe that the feds are seeking to set a precedent in a conservative state such as South Carolina that could then be used against protesters nationwide.

Bursey's trial took place on Nov. 12 and 13. His lawyers sought the Secret Service documents they believed would lay out the official policies on restricting critical speech at presidential visits. The Bush administration sought to block all access to the documents, but Marchant ruled that the lawyers could have limited access. Bursey sought to subpoena John Ashcroft and Karl Rove to testify. Bursey lawyer Lewis Pitts declared, "We intend to find out from Mr. Ashcroft why and how the decision to prosecute Mr. Bursey was reached." The magistrate refused, however, to enforce the subpoenas. Secret Service agent Holly Abel testified at the trial that Bursey was told to move to the "free speech zone" but refused to co-operate. Magistrate Marchant is expected to issue his decision in December.

The feds have offered some bizarre rationales for hog-tying protesters. Secret Service agent Brian Marr explained to National Public Radio, "These individuals may be so involved with trying to shout their support or



non-support that inadvertently they may walk out into the motorcade route and be injured. And that is really the reason why we set these places up, so we can make sure that they have the right of free speech, but, two, we want to be sure that they are able to go home at the end of the evening and not be injured in any way." Except for having their constitutional rights shredded.

Marr's comments are a mockery of this country's rich heritage of vigorous protests. Somehow, all of a sudden, after George W. Bush became president people became so stupid that federal agents had to cage them to prevent them from walking out in front of speeding vehicles.

The ACLU, along with several other organizations, is suing the Secret Service for what it charges is a pattern-and-practice of suppressing protesters at Bush events in Arizona, California, Connecticut, Michigan, New Jersey, New Mexico, Texas, and elsewhere. The ACLU's Witold Walczak said of the protesters, "The individuals we are talking about didn't pose a security threat; they posed a political threat."

The Secret Service is duty-bound to protect the president. But it is ludicrous to presume that would-be terrorists are lunkheaded enough to carry anti-Bush signs when carrying pro-Bush signs would give them much closer access. And even a policy of removing all people carrying signs—as has happened in some demonstrations—is pointless, since potential attackers would simply avoid carrying signs. Presuming that terrorists are as unimaginative and predictable as

the average federal bureaucrat is not a recipe for presidential longevity.

The Bush administration's anti-protester bias proved embarrassing for two American allies with long traditions of raucous free speech, resulting in some of the most repressive restrictions in memory in free countries. When Bush visited Australia in October, *Sydney Morning Herald* columnist Mark Riley observed, "The basic right of freedom of speech will adopt a new interpretation during the Canberra visits this week by the US President, George Bush, and his Chinese counterpart, Hu Jintao. Protesters will be free to speak as much as they like just as long as they can't be heard." Demonstrators were shunted to an area away from the Federal Parliament building and prohibited from using any public address system in the area.

For Bush's recent visit to London, the White House demanded that British police ban all protest marches, close down the center of the city, and impose a "virtual three day shutdown of central London in a bid to foil disruption of the visit by anti-war protesters," according

joke: "I've been here only a short time, but I've noticed that the tradition of free speech—exercised with enthusiasm—is alive and well here in London. We have that at home, too. They now have that right in Baghdad, as well."

Attempts to suppress protesters become more disturbing in light of the Homeland Security Department's recommendation that local police departments view critics of the war on terrorism as potential terrorists. In a May 2003 terrorist advisory, the Homeland Security Department warned local law enforcement agencies to keep an eye on anyone who "expressed dislike of attitudes and decisions of the U.S. government." If police vigorously followed this advice, millions of Americans could be added to the official lists of "suspected terrorists."

Protesters have claimed that police have assaulted them during demonstrations in New York, Washington, and elsewhere. Film footage of a February New York antiwar rally showed what looked like a policeman on horseback charging into peaceful aged Leftists. The neocon-

peaceful protesters and innocent bystanders at the port of Oakland, injuring a number of people. When the police attack sparked a geyser of media criticism, Mike van Winkle, the spokesman for the California Anti-Terrorism Information Center told the *Oakland Tribune*, "You can make an easy kind of a link that, if you have a protest group protesting a war where the cause that's being fought against is international terrorism, you might have terrorism at that protest. You can almost argue that a protest against that is a terrorist act." Van Winkle justified classifying protesters like terrorists: "I've heard terrorism described as anything that is violent or has an economic impact, and shutting down a port certainly would have some economic impact. Terrorism isn't just bombs going off and killing people."

Such aggressive tactics become more ominous in the light of the Bush administration's advocacy, in its Patriot II draft legislation, of nullifying all judicial consent decrees restricting state and local police from spying on those groups who may oppose government policies.

On May 30, 2002, Ashcroft effectively abolished restrictions on FBI surveillance of Americans' everyday lives first imposed in 1976. One FBI internal newsletter encouraged FBI agents to conduct more interviews with antiwar activists "for plenty of reasons, chief of which it will enhance the paranoia endemic in such circles and will further service to get the point across that there is an FBI agent behind every mailbox." The FBI took a shotgun approach towards protesters partly because of the FBI's "belief that dissident speech and association should be prevented because they were incipient steps towards the possible ultimate commission of act which might be criminal," according to a Senate report.

On Nov. 23 news broke that the FBI is now actively conducting surveillance of

PROTESTERS HAVE CLAIMED THAT **POLICE HAVE ASSAULTED THEM** DURING DEMONSTRATIONS IN NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, AND ELSEWHERE.

to Britain's *Evening Standard*. But instead of a "free speech zone"—as such areas are labeled in the U.S.—the Bush administration demanded an "exclusion zone" to protect Bush from protesters' messages.

Such unprecedented restrictions did not inhibit Bush from portraying himself as a champion of freedom during his visit. In a speech at Whitehall on Nov. 19, Bush hyped the "forward strategy of freedom" and declared, "We seek the advance of freedom and the peace that freedom brings." Regarding the protesters, Bush sought to turn the issue into a

servative *New York Sun* suggested in February 2003 that the New York Police Department "send two witnesses along for each participant [in an antiwar demonstration], with an eye toward preserving at least the possibility of an eventual treason prosecution" since all the demonstrators were guilty of "giving, at the very least, comfort to Saddam Hussein."

One of the most violent government responses to an antiwar protest occurred when local police and the federally funded California Anti-Terrorism Task Force fired rubber bullets and tear gas at

antiwar demonstrators—supposedly to “blunt potential violence by extremist elements,” according to a Reuters interview with a federal law enforcement official. Given the FBI’s expansive definition of “potential violence” in the past, this is a net that could catch almost any group or individual who falls into official disfavor.

The FBI is also urging local police to report suspicious activity by protesters to the Joint Terrorism Task Force, which is run by the FBI. If local police take the hint and start pouring in the dirt, the JTTF could soon be building a “Total Information Awareness”-lite database on those antiwar groups and activists.

If the FBI publicly admits that it is surveilling antiwar groups and urging local police to send in information on protesters, how far might the feds go? It took over a decade after the first big antiwar protests in the 1960s before the American people learned the extent of FBI efforts to suppress and subvert public opposition to the Vietnam War. Is the FBI now considering a similar order to field offices as the one it sent in 1968, telling them to gather information illustrating the “scurrilous and depraved nature of many of the characters, activities habits, and living conditions representative of New Left adherents”—but this time focused on those who oppose Bush’s Brave New World?

Is the administration seeking to stifle domestic criticism? Absolutely. Is it carrying out a war on dissent? Probably not—yet. But the trend lines in federal attacks on freedom of speech should raise grave concerns to anyone worried about the First Amendment or about how a future liberal Democratic president such as Hillary Clinton might exploit the precedents that Bush is setting. ■

James Bovard is the author of Terrorism & Tyranny: Trampling Freedom, Justice, and Peace to Rid the World of Evil.

Blowback

Imperialism corrupts the occupier.

By Eric S. Margolis

“I thought we should act as their protector ... not to try to get them under our heel. ... But now ... we have got into a war, a quagmire from which each fresh step renders the difficulty of extraction immensely greater.”

These words were not written by a critic of President George W. Bush’s grand misadventure in Iraq but by Mark Twain, who was outraged by America’s occupation and bloody “pacification” of the Philippines from 1900 to 1910. Yet Twain’s prescient words are as apropos today as they were a century ago.

If there is one lesson the 19th and 20th centuries teach, it is that colonial ventures are ultimately unsuccessful and often corrupt the nations and armies that wage them. Unfortunately, in President Bush’s “bring ‘em on” White House, history, that doleful testament of mankind’s past follies, is considered irrelevant.

So America unfortunately seems destined to repeat the errors and brutalities of previous imperial powers, including its own forgotten colonial adventures in the Western Hemisphere and Asia.

The Bush administration keeps disguising the true nature of the occupation of Iraq: first we were fighting an urgent preventive war to save the U.S.; then rebranding it a liberation; human-rights intervention; humanitarian rebuilding; war against Islamic terrorists; and, most recently, altruistic mission to implant democracy in the Middle East.

The rest of world, however, recognizes the Iraq invasion and occupation for what it is: a return to imperialism. In

Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Russia, Holland, Portugal, and Japan, memories of their past colonial eras are still vivid and painful. They see a naïve, unlettered Bush administration rushing into places where old colonial powers no longer dare or care to tread.

Americans have simply forgotten what colonial wars are like. After seizing the Philippines from Spain, U.S. forces waged a bloody, 10-year war against independence-minded Muslims of the south known as Moros, in which over 100,000 civilians (some sources say 500,000) died, something rarely taught in American schools. Interestingly, the Bush White House has dispatched U.S. Special Forces to fight latter-day Moros, Islamic separatists and bandits in Mindanao, whom the U.S. mistakenly brands Islamic terrorists.

France’s 132-year rule over Algeria produced one of the ugliest guerilla wars of the 20th century, in which French colonial troops killed between 600,000 and one million Arabs. After Paris gave its generals *carte blanche* to break the FLN (Algerian resistance), the French Army unleashed a ferocious campaign of mass murders, collective punishments, assassinations, and tortures—crimes that still shake France to this day.

In my idealistic student days, I served as a European courier for the FLN and organized pro-Algerian demonstrations. La Main Rouge, a secret terror group created by French intelligence, murdered scores of people who aided the Algerian cause and repeatedly threat-

ened my life. A former French army general, Paul Aussaresses, recently created an uproar by boasting he had murdered senior FLN leaders and routinely tortured suspects—often to death—to break rebel networks during the famous Battle of Algiers.

By the end of the Algerian war, the French army had covered itself with shame and dishonor. As one paratroop general famously remarked, “We committed worse crimes than the Gestapo and S.S.” It took a decade after Algeria for the morale of the French Army to be restored.

Most colonial wars share common elements. The imperial power always discovers that it lacks sufficient troops to police the new colony and must employ local mercenary forces, as the U.S. now does in Afghanistan. Imperial Britain and France were masters at raising native regiments: Britain had its Indian sepoy, Sikhs, and Gurkhas; France its dashing Sphais and tough Moroccan infantry.

WELL-DISCIPLINED TROOPS **DETERIORATED UNDER PRESSURE.**

Imperial powers often attempt to dragoon or bribe vassal states into sending troops to aid the “pacification.” German and Canadian units in Afghanistan are an example of the former; rent-an-army Polish, Romanian, and Ukrainian units sent to Iraq, the latter. The Persian Emperor Xerxes did the same when he convoked his vassal kings for the invasion of Greece.

Imperialists invariably find rebellious tribes, repressed religions, or restive regions ready to rise up against the central government and join the colonial forces. Civilian administration and colonial armies are usually filled by minorities, likes Hindus in Sri Lanka, Maronites in Lebanon, Sikhs in India, or Sunnis in Iraq.

At first, resistance to invasion is spo-

radic and scattered. But, in time, many resistance groups become more combat effective. Imperial troops initially retain strict discipline. But after suffering growing numbers of attacks and mounting losses from a faceless foe hidden among civilians, they inevitably vent fear and frustration on captives, individual civilians, then on entire villages. Such brutality naturally sparks more local resistance, which continues the cycle of rising violence, bringing more repression by imperial forces, and so on.

This writer saw in the Indian-ruled portion of disputed Kashmir how the Indian Army’s generally well-disciplined troops gradually deteriorated—under pressure of ambushes, mined roads, and sniping—into thugs who burned villages, gang-raped women, conducted mass killings, tortured suspects, and brutalized Muslim civilians, whom they had grown to hate.

The same holds true of the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza, the

archetype of America’s mess in Iraq. This writer accompanied Israeli troops when they first invaded Lebanon in 1982 and, as a former soldier, was impressed by their discipline and restraint. But after a few months of occupation duty in dangerous south Lebanon and the occupied territories, the world’s most intelligent, best-educated soldiers began to become brutalized by constant pinprick attacks and ever-present tension, shooting down women and children and razing homes with ever decreasing compunction.

Israeli officers have repeatedly warned their government that the armed forces are being corrupted by occupation duty and have turned a sword into a club. A small number of courageous

Israeli soldiers and aviators have risked prison by refusing to serve in the occupied territories.

The Dutch, among the world’s most civilized people, never tire of recounting their nation’s suffering under Nazi occupation, yet rarely mention their own ruthless East Indies colonial wars from 1815-1942. In the sultanate of Aceh alone, in the 1870s, Dutch soldiers and Christian mercenary troops from Ambon slaughtered 60,000 Muslim Acehnese and sent large numbers into forced labor. The Dutch East Indian Army became notorious for cruelty and brutality.

Even British imperial rule, which Americans know only through the rose-tinted lens of old Hollywood epics, could be savage. During the great Sepoy uprising of 1857, rebelling Indians were tied by the British to the mouths of cannon and blown apart or hanged *en masse* along main roads. Chinese were slaughtered in great numbers by British troops or forced into opium addiction.

Japan’s Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere (the 1940s one, not today’s) also began benignly, with the Japanese invasion forces describing themselves as “liberators” of Asian peoples from European colonialism—which, in truth, they were. But the callousness of the Japanese Imperial Army in China and the Philippines, its arrogance and lack of understanding of local ways, quickly turned the “liberators” into hated oppressors and targets of attack.

Russia’s record as a colonial occupier in Chechnya is also a warning to Americans in Iraq. The wars in Chechnya turned into a nightmare of atrocities: torture, mass killings, bombings, murder, rape, banditry, and looting. Russia’s demoralized soldiers in Chechnya resort to heavy drinking, drugs, and routinely brutalize civilians. Russian losses in the Caucasus are now approaching 10,000 dead, 66 percent of officially stated

losses in the Afghanistan debacle.

What these and other colonial wars teach is that the finest, best-disciplined armies soon become corrupted by police duties and anti-guerilla operations. Lack of strategic and political purpose will quickly destroy an occupying army's morale, as happened to U.S. forces in Vietnam.

American soldiers in Iraq are already showing the same disturbing signs of colonial malaise. They have become trigger-happy and increasingly shoot innocent civilians. Iraqis are being treated like a dangerous, conquered people rather than "liberated" allies. Increasingly brutal roundups and reprisals seem likely to follow.

Unless Washington gets other unwilling nations to help police its new colony or hands Iraq to the UN, half the U.S. Army will be forced to stay in Iraq and fight a low-grade, but extremely expensive, guerilla war. The longer U.S. forces stay, the more they will be resented and opposed by Iraqis.

So far, major resistance is only coming from the Sunni minority. But once majority Shi'ites are convinced Saddam Hussein will not return to power, it will be only a matter of time before they also turn violently against Iraq's American rulers.

America was born through a war waged against colonialism. The last thing its armed forces should be doing is enforcing colonial rule on other nations. The old-world image of the United States—decency and law, titanic energy, liberty, and respect for human rights—is fast being replaced by the ugly icon of heavily armed U.S. troops kicking down the doors of Iraqi homes. We seem fated to repeat history's mistakes. ■

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Prisoners Dilemma

Detainees held at Guantanamo pose a challenge to international law.

By Daniel McCarthy

MEALS ARE PREPARED to strict Islamic standards; signs point the faithful toward Mecca; doctors attend to physical pains, Muslim chaplains to less obvious hurts. But these people who want for little lack something essentially human: a place in the world. For most of the 660 held at Guantanamo Bay, their own countries don't claim them, and this country doesn't know what to do with them. Irregular soldiers in a conflict without boundaries or end, we designate them "enemy combatants" rather than prisoners of war, but that only complicates the legal limbo. They may be among the deadliest enemies the United States faces in the War on Terror, international recruits to al-Qaeda trained and determined to carry out attacks against Americans. Loosing them in unstable Afghanistan is no remedy. But neither is holding them indefinitely without charge—though internment at Guantanamo might be the least they deserve. We just don't know. And we haven't been in any hurry to find out.

None of the detainees has been convicted as a terrorist, either before a military tribunal or a civilian court. For almost two years they have been held at the discretion of the executive branch, with no opportunity for a hearing—and critics say these detentions may seriously undermine the rule of law by violating everything from the Constitution to the Geneva Conventions to human rights in general.

Yet the Bush administration insists that it is acting within the law by holding the detainees without trial. In November, however, the Supreme Court agreed to hear an appeal in the case of *Rasul v. Bush*, a petition for *habeas corpus* filed on behalf of several of the detainees. If the Court rules in favor of the petitioners, it may ultimately force the administration to change the way it fights the War on Terror.

Part of the reason for holding the detainees at Guantanamo Bay is to prevent them from re-joining the fight in Afghanistan, where most were captured. But Camp Delta, where all but a handful are held, is not a POW camp. It is an interrogation camp: the larger reason for keeping hundreds detained in Guantanamo is to learn everything they know about al-Qaeda and the possible whereabouts of Osama bin Laden or Taliban-leader Mullah Omar.

Some suggest that denying legal counsel to the prisoners plays an important part in the interrogation; they are more readily induced to co-operate while their futures remain uncertain. (None of the detainees knows of the petitions that have been filed on their behalf in federal court.) This ambiguity seems to be having an effect: the International Committee of the Red Cross, which has access to the detainees, claims that many of them have suffered a marked mental deterioration as a result of not knowing how long they will

be held. The Pentagon confirms that there have been 32 suicide attempts by 21 inmates at Camp Delta.

The detainees are kept at Guantanamo, rather than at facilities within the United States itself because Guantanamo is not under the jurisdiction of federal courts and the constitutional protections of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments do not extend to the base. This jurisdictional question is at issue in the *Rasul v. Bush* appeal that the Supreme Court will hear sometime next year. In March, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit ruled that the no federal court could grant *habeas corpus* to the petitioners in *Rasul* because although the United States has full and perpetual control over Guantanamo Bay, ultimate sovereignty still rests with Cuba, from whom the naval station is leased.

If the Supreme Court overturns the appeals court's decision, the case will simply return to the lower court, which can then rule on the substantive questions involved. But some observers think the Court's decision to hear the case means the justices are "putting the government on notice" that the detainees should get some kind of indi-

fronting the Court, the wider implications of the case have attracted considerable interest from some rather surprising groups, including retired U.S. diplomats and military officers and three former American prisoners of war who have filed briefs in support of the detainees. All express concern about how the precedent the U.S. sets in Guantanamo will ultimately affect Americans.

The retired military officers and former POWs in particular fear that American prisoners may be mistreated in other countries if the U.S. does not apply the protections of the Geneva Conventions to the Guantanamo detainees. According to the Third Geneva Convention, even "unlawful combatants"—people who violate the rules of war and do not, for example, wear distinguishing marks on the battlefield—are entitled to hearings before a "competent tribunal" of military officers in cases where there is doubt about their status. If they are confirmed to be unlawful combatants, two options open: they can be tried as war criminals or treated as prisoners of war, who must be released once a conflict ends.

The Department of Defense follows the president's determination that both the Taliban and al-Qaeda are unlawful

could be. Serious complications could be expected to arise in trying detainees found to be war criminals as well. "These are not 7-11 robberies," notes Ruth Wedgwood, "some of the problems you have with [alleged 20th 9/11 hijacker Zacharias] Moussaoui in district court will also exist in [war-crimes] tribunals. What do you do if the detainee wants to talk to every other detainee in Guantanamo?"

The difficulty involved in trying to apply the Geneva Conventions to Guantanamo has prompted some legal scholars to consider the need for a new judicial framework for the unprecedented War on Terror. "They're trying to shoehorn a very different kind of circumstance into the Geneva Conventions," according to Michael O'Neill, a law professor at George Mason University who believes that the conventions, drafted after World War II to address conflicts between standing armies and nation-states, are ill-suited to deal with transnational terrorist organizations like al-Qaeda.

Although both conservatives like O'Neill and liberal experts like the University of Chicago's Ronald Dworkin have suggested the need for new rules, there has so far been no consensus on what such rules might be or who would draft them. Dworkin, who contends that the administration should hew as close to the Geneva Conventions as possible until something more specific can be drafted, does have some concrete proposals; for one thing, he calls on Congress to set legislative limits on how long prisoners can be held as "enemy combatants" in the open-ended War on Terror.

There are others, however, who think that the Geneva Conventions are still, for the most part, sufficient. Michael Ratner, president of the Center for Constitutional Rights, a group that is representing the petitioners in *Rasul v. Bush*, says, "I'm more traditional on this and I would

GUANTANAMO IS NOT UNDER THE JURISDICTION OF FEDERAL COURTS AND THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROTECTIONS OF THE 5TH AND 14TH AMENDMENTS DO NOT EXTEND TO THE BASE.

vidualized hearings, although at least one supporter of the administration's position, Ruth Wedgwood, a professor of international law at Johns Hopkins University, suggests that the Court may very well have taken the case in order to affirm the lower-court ruling and put the president's authority on an even firmer footing.

Although sovereignty over Guantanamo is the immediate issue con-

combatants. Some supporters of the Pentagon's position argue in addition that even if tribunals were established to determine each detainee's status individually, it would do little good. An inmate at Guantanamo could still be held indefinitely even if he were classified as a prisoner of war, so long as hostilities are still ongoing. POW status would only prevent the detainee from being interrogated as thoroughly as he otherwise

hesitate to want to see a new set of laws cut to the framework, to the particular situation. The end of hostilities to me means traditional wars. Those people picked up in Afghanistan get released at

ated fully with their interrogators and were deemed not to present a continuing threat to the United States? One reading of the releases suggests that the military's own procedures for determin-

every incentive to want to identify the detainees and release those who do not pose a threat. "It's intensely in DOD's interest to know who they have and know what they did," she says.

But there are other reasons Americans should worry about what happens in Guantanamo Bay beyond just the possibility that a few of the detainees may be innocent. In launching their terror war, al-Qaeda and its allies deliberately set out to blur traditional wartime distinctions between civilians and soldiers and between lawful and unlawful combatants. This poses a considerable challenge to American notions of justice, as seen in the controversy surrounding the detainees at Guantanamo. They are not sympathetic figures, but how the United States deals with them is an important test of how well we can balance security concerns with the rule of law. Thus the legal battle over these 660 souls now caught in legal purgatory could become one of the defining engagements in the war on terrorism. ■

HOW THE UNITED STATES DEALS WITH THEM IS AN **IMPORTANT TEST** OF HOW WELL WE CAN BALANCE **SECURITY CONCERNS** WITH THE **RULE OF LAW**.

the end of the Afghanistan war, those people picked up in Iraq at the end of the Iraq war. As to others ... if you're part of a criminal conspiracy to do harm to the United States, you should be tried for that." Far from advocating new rules for the War on Terror, Ratner believes that the principle at stake in Guantanamo is a very old one indeed. "It's an 800 year old tradition since the Magna Charta that you should get some kind of a right of review," he says.

If the people being held at Camp Delta are indeed, as some officials have described them, among "the worst of the worst," Americans might well have no qualms about denying them *habeas corpus*. There are some indications, however, that not everyone who has been held at Guantanamo is so dangerous. Lt. Col. Bill Cline, the deputy commander of Camp X-Ray, where the first detainees were held, told the *New York Times* in March 2002 that some of them might be innocent "victims of circumstance" caught up in the chaos of Afghanistan. And indeed, some 64 detainees have since been released without being charged. Four of them were turned over to the authorities in their own countries to face justice, but the rest have gone free.

That some prisoners have been released has multiple interpretations. Were they innocent bystanders caught in a large dragnet or, as seems more likely, Taliban fighters who had co-oper-

ing how dangerous inmates are, even in the absence of formal tribunals, works quite well. According to Pentagon spokesman Maj. Michael Shavers, "The three things we look at before releasing detainees [are] that they are no longer a threat to the United States, that there's no security issues there, that they are not guilty of any violations of the rules of war that would cause them to be a candidate for a military commission, and that there's no intelligence value to come out of them." Ruth Wedgwood argues that the Defense Department has

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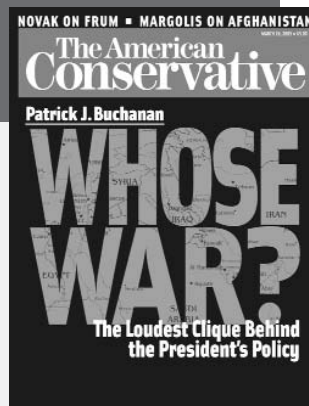
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Nuclear Power

North Korea's atomic gamesmanship requires a clear-eyed response.
Hint: not "liberation."

By Ted Galen Carpenter

During his trip to East Asia in October, President Bush sought to jump-start stalled negotiations regarding North Korea's nuclear program by offering a security guarantee if that country abandoned her quest for nuclear weapons. Previously, the administration had insisted that it would not give in to Pyongyang's "blackmail" and rejected the demand for a non-aggression pact. Although the president stressed that the security assurances would not take the form of a binding bilateral treaty (there would instead be a less formal multilateral guarantee provided by North Korea's neighbors as well as the U.S.), he was showing increased flexibility.

North Korea's initial response was disappointing. Pyongyang's official news agency described Bush's offer as "laughable," and Kim Jong Il's regime reiterated its demand for a bilateral non-aggression treaty. American and East Asian experts immediately disagreed about the significance of Pyongyang's response. Some argued that the North Koreans were engaging in hard bargaining and that Bush's initiative would eventually open the way to productive negotiations. Others concluded that the North's intransigence was both real and ominous. A few days later, North Korea confused matters further by saying that she would consider Bush's offer.

The debate about the significance of Pyongyang's conflicting responses underscores a crucial question: why are the North Koreans pursuing a nuclear-

weapons program? There are a number of possible explanations, and Pyongyang may have multiple motives.

North Korea may be using the specter of nuclear weapons to extort concessions from the United States as well as from its neighbors in East Asia. North Korea received substantial concessions in 1994 for the mere promise to freeze (not abandon) its nuclear-weapons program. Perhaps Kim Jong Il's regime believes it can get even more concessions, and there is a precedent for such expectations. In the early 1990s, Ukraine, Belarus, and Kazakhstan used the nuclear weapons they inherited from the defunct Soviet Union as leverage to extract loans and other economic concessions from the United States as well as a trilateral security guarantee from Washington, Moscow, and London. North Korea may be playing the same game.

She could also be seeking the weapons for prestige. All five permanent members of the UN Security Council are nuclear-weapon states. It is no coincidence that China was treated with greater respect and caution after she acquired nuclear weapons. Similarly, Washington and other capitals now treat India as a serious player—in contrast to the tendency to view that country as a Third World underachiever before her nuclear tests in 1998. Pakistan also went from being regarded as a problem state before her tests to being a significant asset in the war on terrorism afterwards.

Pyongyang may believe that possession of nuclear weapons is her admission ticket to the club of major powers.

Yet another motive may be cost. Nuclear weapons are far less expensive than expanding the size of the army or trying to build high-tech conventional weapons. North Korea devotes 11.6 percent of GDP to the military, and a large portion of the working-age population is in uniform. Given that the North Korean economy has been declining precipitously since the mid-1990s, cutting the cost of the military may be essential step to prevent the system from imploding.

Finally, North Korea may have a strategic motive. What the U.S. does not wish to admit is that Pyongyang's nuclear program is a logical response to the foreign policy we have pursued since the end of the Cold War. Since the fall of the Berlin Wall, the United States has conducted eight major military operations in 14 years. That is an extraordinary record of belligerence. Moreover, in his 2002 State of the Union address, President Bush explicitly linked North Korea to Iraq in an "axis of evil." Why would Pyongyang not conclude that she might be next on Washington's hit list unless she could deter an attack? There is also the troubling reality that the administration's National Security Strategy document, approved in September 2002, embraces the doctrine of pre-emptive military action to prevent so-called rogue states from acquiring weapons of mass destruction.

On another occasion, the administration emphasized that the United States would not “permit the world’s most dangerous regimes” to pose a threat “with the world’s most destructive weapons.” That standard would seem to apply to North Korea even more than it did to Iraq.

In other words, U.S. behavior may have inadvertently created a powerful incentive for nuclear-weapons proliferation. American officials dismiss the fears of North Korea as manifestations of paranoia. But as Henry Kissinger once pointed out, even paranoids have real enemies. And there is little doubt that the United States is an enemy.

The wide range of possible motives for North Korea’s actions underscores a crucial point: it is difficult to determine whether Pyongyang is merely using the prospect of nuclear weapons to force negotiations or whether North Korea is serious about becoming a nuclear power. The first scenario means that there is a good chance that negotiations can ultimately resolve the crisis. It would suggest that Pyongyang’s hard-line position is merely a bluff and that in the end North Korea will give up its nuclear ambitions in exchange for U.S. concessions. The second scenario means that the crisis will almost certainly intensify and that North Korea is unlikely to renounce her nuclear program under any circumstances.

It is imperative that we find out, and there is one reliable way to do so. The United States should offer a grand bargain to North Korea. Washington should agree to a non-aggression pact and the full normalization of relations with Pyongyang. In addition, the United States should also resume the fuel-oil shipments and construction on the two light-water reactors as provided for in the 1994 agreement. Finally, the U.S. should express a willingness to withdraw gradually all U.S. forces from South Korea.

Some political advisors to President Bush hope to persuade the president to dump Vice President Cheney from the 2004 ticket.

The campaign, supported by Karl Rove, is being orchestrated by James Baker and Brent Scowcroft, senior advisors to former President Bush, who have told Bush *pater* that his son’s re-election campaign is at risk because of the miscalculations of the Cheney-led neoconservatives. Cheney is aware of the campaign and is fighting back. He persuaded the president to state publicly (to David Frost) that Cheney would be around for a second term. Cheney’s Iraq record is prime fodder for the critics, but he also has domestic liabilities including his contretemps with the energy-policy task force and allegations of influence peddling in the no-compete \$300 million Iraq contract awarded to Halliburton. Some of President Bush’s Texas loyalists want to have Secretary of State Colin Powell replace Cheney on the ticket. It is too early to predict whether Cheney will remain, but the White House will have to sacrifice some of the architects of the Iraq war before the 2004 election. According to a White House official, the president may already have made that decision.



The administration has tentatively selected a prominent physician, Ibrahim Jaafari, to head the provisional Iraqi government.

The American plan to speed the turnover of political power as part of its exit strategy has been hobbled by the lack of a consensus leader similar to Hamid Karzai in Afghanistan. Ahmad Chalabi the neocon-preferred candidate and protégé of Perle, Feith, and Wolfowitz, has little support in the country and has already used his position on the Governing Council to award reconstruction contracts to cronies. Jaafari is a moderate Shi’ite Islamist acceptable both to many Sunnis and to Ayatollah Ali Hussein al-Sistani, the most prominent Shi’ite clergyman. Jaafari is likely to be opposed by the Kurds, and his selection will have to be negotiated with other, often fractious, Council members. The U.S. intends to empower the Shi’ite majority to derail CIA predictions of a Sicilian-Vespers-style popular uprising that would make the occupation untenable.



The American and British publics may have been reassured by the Bush-Blair disingenuous claim that bombs in Istanbul have no connection with Iraq,

not to mention the absurd contention that terrorists terrorize because they hate “freedom,” but the Turks are a tougher nut altogether. Demonstrators throughout Turkey, who do not wish to become a new front in the War on Terror, have clearly seen a linkage and have laid the blame unambiguously at the American door. Most intelligence experts would agree with the Turks, noting that the war in Iraq has unleashed a wave of *jihadi* extremists who are eager to confront the United States and its allies globally. The notion that the overthrow and occupation of the ancient capital of Islam’s Caliphate might occur in isolation without negative consequences may be unique to the Pentagon’s Office of Special Plans and its neocon Myrmidons. The anticipated positive development, that democracy would sweep through the Middle East like a refining fire, has yet to emerge.

Philip Giraldi, a former CIA Officer, is partner in Cannistraro Associates, an international security consultancy.

Such concessions would cost the United States relatively little. Even the most reckless hawks hesitate about advocating an attack on North Korea to achieve regime change. Using military force might trigger a major war on the Korean Peninsula and perhaps a general war throughout East Asia. As that is a risk no rational person would take, giving North Korea a non-aggression pact merely renounces an option we would not want to pursue in the first place.

Similarly, establishing diplomatic and economic relations with Pyongyang is a step we should have taken years ago. Indeed, throughout the 1970s and 1980s, a key component of U.S. foreign policy in the region was a proposal to Moscow and Beijing for cross recognition of the two Korean states. At the end of the Cold War, Russia and China both recognized South Korea, but the United States never kept her part of the bargain by recognizing North Korea.

Diplomatic recognition does not imply moral approval of a regime. We have diplomatic relations with a good

experienced the convulsions of the Cultural Revolution—with considerable success.

The withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Korea is also a process the United States should have begun years ago. Those forces were deployed in the aftermath of the Korean War when the South was a war-ravaged hulk that confronted not only a more powerful North Korea, but also a North backed by both Moscow and Beijing. That situation has changed beyond recognition. Neither China nor Russia has any inclination to support a North Korean move to reunite the Korean Peninsula by force, and South Korea has enormous advantages over her communist adversary. South Korea has twice the population and a vastly more sophisticated economy estimated to be at least 30 times greater than that of her northern neighbor. A country with those characteristics should be able to build whatever military forces she needs to defend herself. Washington's long-term goal should be to reduce her risk exposure in Northeast Asia, and a troop withdrawal from South

The main point of offering a grand bargain to North Korea, however, would be to create an acid test for Pyongyang. If North Korea is truly developing nuclear weapons only because she fears U.S. intentions, Pyongyang should accept the proposed bargain without hesitation. But if she demands other concessions or balks at a requirement for inspections, then we know that there are ulterior motives. Indeed, it would then be apparent that Pyongyang is not using her nuclear program merely as a bargaining chip but is deadly serious about becoming a member of the global nuclear-weapons club. At least we would then know where we stand and could discuss relevant options. That is far preferable to another round of fruitless talks that perpetuate ambiguity and impasse.

Given the consequences of risking a major war in East Asia to keep North Korea from becoming a nuclear power, the options cannot include launching pre-emptive military strikes. Instead, we must consider such possibilities as encouraging a regional nuclear balance of power in which Japan and South Korea develop their own nuclear deterrents to offset a North Korean arsenal. We might also have to consider ways to prevent Pyongyang from selling nuclear technology or weapons to anti-American regimes and terrorist groups.

None of the available options is easy or without drawbacks, and we all hope that we will not need to pursue them. But the only way to know is to smoke out North Korea about her true intentions. ■

Ted Galen Carpenter is vice president for defense and foreign policy studies at the Cato Institute. He is a coauthor of the forthcoming book Korean Conundrum: America's Troubled Relations with North and South Korea.

GIVEN THE CONSEQUENCES OF **RISKING A MAJOR WAR** IN EAST ASIA TO KEEP NORTH KOREA FROM BECOMING A NUCLEAR POWER, THE OPTIONS CANNOT INCLUDE LAUNCHING **PRE-EMPTIVE MILITARY STRIKES**.

many odious and repressive governments. (The government of Saudi Arabia comes readily to mind.) Maintaining such relations merely acknowledges that it is in our interest to deal with the country in question. Likewise, economic ties do not imply moral approval. In North Korea's case, ending economic sanctions might help open up that closed country to the outside world. It is a strategy that we used with China in the 1970s—a country that had recently

Korea would be an important first step.

In exchange for these concessions, Washington should make one non-negotiable demand. It is not enough to get North Korea to promise to abide by the 1994 Agreed Framework and re-join the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty. North Korea has demonstrated repeatedly that her word means nothing. This time, there must be intrusive "on demand" inspections of all known and suspected North Korean nuclear facilities.

Conscientious Objector

A senior Air Force officer watches civilians craft the war plan.

By Karen Kwiatkowski

Lt. Col. Karen Kwiatkowski, a former Pentagon insider, continues her revelations in this second of a three-part series.

BY THE END of the summer of 2002, our Near East South Asia (NESA) office spaces were beginning to get crowded. Several senior people, including Abe Shulsky had moved into some of the enclosed front offices, and the cubicles were entirely filled, as were some less than ideal workspaces in the hallway.

Chatter swirled, and word went out that NESA was looking for additional space. By late August, a large office was located upstairs on the fifth floor. At a staff meeting, we were told that the expanded Iraq desk would become the Office of Special Plans and would move out. We were told not to refer to this office as the Office of Special Plans and, if pressed, we were also not to confirm that it was the expanded Iraq desk. This instruction came across as both surreal and humorous. When someone asked whether we could tell our Joint Staff counterparts, Bill Luti said no, to deny knowledge of the organizational shift. In my experience, our canny, connected, and cynical Joint Staff counterparts probably already knew more about it than we did, and this suspicion was later confirmed in conversations with some of them.

The subterfuge was not necessary in any case, as several weeks later Luti was announced as the new Deputy Undersecretary of Defense for Policy, NESA and Special Plans, allowing him to work

directly for Undersecretary Doug Feith. Luti had always seemed to work directly for Feith. In one staff meeting, interrupted by a call from Feith's office, Luti, in his famously incautious manner, proclaimed to all present, that Feith couldn't wipe his ass without his [Luti's] help.

The establishment of the Office of Special Plans, under Abe Shulsky, and including several military folks, a civil servant or two, and the larger group of neocon-friendly appointees or contractors, meant to the rest of us that we would have more space and a reduction in cross-regional chatter. The Iraq-war planning aspect would now be isolated from the rest of NESA and would establish its own rhythm and cadence, separate from the non-political-minded professionals covering the rest of the region. In planning a war, loose lips sink ships, and if anyone didn't remember this World War II slogan, the Pentagon had several posters in common areas to remind us. (Interestingly, the planning and execution of wars—writing and implementing war plans—is the function of the Combatant Commander, with the Joint Staff as chief technical advisor and the Undersecretary of Policy as policy advisor. The Secretary of Defense approves, but combatant commanders work directly for the president. Nowhere in OSD should one, by law, custom, or common sense, find people busy developing and writing war plans, even if they are special.)

If they were not writing war plans, the Office of Special Plans did produce something related to the upcoming war.

By August, only the Pollyannas at the Pentagon felt that the decision to invade Iraq, storm Baghdad, and take over the place (or give it to Ahmad Chalabi) was reversible. What was still being worked out at that time was the propaganda piece, a sustained refinement of the storyline that had been hinted at in neoconservative circles and the White House for months, even years. Based on the successful second leak of the war plans in July, Washington's initial reactions of "Oh, no—so many troops!" was shaped masterfully by the Pentagon publicity machine with offended and vociferous denials of the stories, claiming that the operation would not require nearly that many troops. It was a propaganda coup of understated elegance and razor-edged acumen.

That genius, in some ways, was due to Abe Shulsky. A kindly and gentle-appearing man who would say hello in the hallways, he seemed to be someone with whom I, as a political-science grad student, would have loved to sit over coffee and discuss the world's problems. Seeing me as a uniformed and relatively junior officer, I doubt he entertained similar desires. In any case, he was very busy. I didn't see much of what Abe did on a daily basis, but I know that he approved a particular document produced by the Office of Special Plans for the staff officers in Policy. Desk officers write policy papers for our senior officers to help prepare them for meetings, speeches, or events where they will need to communicate U.S. security policy. In early Septem-

ber, after the OSP had been established, we were told via staff meetings and e-mails that whenever we wrote something that might include reference to the Iraq threat, and WMD and terrorism in general, we would now inform OSP and request their talking points. The actual contact point was Air Force Col. Kevin Jones. On a number of occasions from September through January, I e-mailed or called Colonel Jones and requested the latest version of the talking points. On several occasions, they weren't available in an approved form, and we waited for Shulsky's OK. This crafting and approval of the exact words to use when discussing Iraq, WMD, and terrorism were, for most of us, the only known functions of OSP and Mr. Shulsky.

As a desk officer, having a patented set of words to copy meant less to research, and I welcomed the talking points on principle. Then I made the mistake of reading them. They were a

seriously weakened by war and sanctions and weekly bombings over the past 12 years and in fact was plotting to hurt America and support anti-American activities, in part through terrorists. His support for the Palestinians and Arafat proved his terrorist connections, and, basically, the time to act was now. This was the gist of the talking points, and they remained on message throughout the time I watched them evolve.

But evolve they did, and the subtle changes I saw from September to late January were revealing as to what exactly the Office of Special Plans was contributing to national security. Two key types of modifications would be directed, or approved, by Abe Shulsky and his team of politicians. First was the deletion of entire references or bullets. The one I remember most specifically is when they dropped the bullet that said one of Saddam's intelligence operatives met with Mohamed Atta in Prague and

ments of Saddam's readiness and capability in the chemical, biological, or nuclear arena. Others were altered over time to match more exactly something Bush or Cheney had said in recent speeches. One item I never saw in our talking points was a reference to Saddam's purported attempt to buy yellowcake uranium in Niger. The OSP list of crime and evil included a statement relating to Saddam's attempts to seek fissionable materials or uranium in Africa. (Our point, written mostly in the present tense had conveniently omitted dates of the last known attempt, some time in the late 1980s.) I was later surprised to hear the president's mention of the yellowcake in Niger because that indeed would be new, and in theory might have represented new actual intelligence, something remarkably absent in what we were seeing from the OSP.

During the late summer and fall I was industriously trying to get our overdue bilateral visits with Morocco and Tunisia back on schedule. There must have been clues throughout the fall that I was less than politically reliable. On the wall behind my desk, I had a display of cartoons and articles questioning the legality and justness of pre-emptive wars, images of neoconservatives gone wild, and other antiwar humor. I had plenty of visitors, and even folks who I had pegged as a little too imperialist for my taste enjoyed my personal wailing wall. But as winter approached, the propaganda campaign gained ground, Congress bought in, my sense of humor darkened, and the cartoons selected for the wall got angrier. It was becoming clearer that, after a year, the Afghan campaign was not proceeding as promised, and Iraq having been falsely advertised and politically manipulated would be even uglier and deadlier. And no one in the Pentagon with any political or moral power seemed to care. ■

To be continued

APPROVAL OF THE **EXACT WORDS TO USE** WHEN DISCUSSING **IRAQ, WMD, AND TERRORISM** WERE, FOR MOST OF US, THE ONLY KNOWN FUNCTIONS OF OSP AND MR. SHULSKY.

series of bulletized statements, written in a convincing way, and at first glance, they seemed reasonable and rational. Up to a point. Saddam Hussein had gassed his neighbors, abused his people, and was continuing in that mode, a threat to his neighbors and to us. Saddam Hussein tried to shoot at our aircraft when they enforced the no-fly zone. Saddam Hussein had harbored al-Qaeda operatives and offered and probably provided them training facilities. Saddam Hussein was pursuing and had WMD of the type that could be used by him, in conjunction with al-Qaeda and other terrorists, to attack and damage American interests, Americans, and America. Saddam Hussein had not been

that this was salient proof that Saddam was in part responsible for the 9/11 attack. It lasted through several revisions, but after the media reported the claim as unsubstantiated by U.S. intelligence, denied by the Czech government, and that the location of Atta had been confirmed to be elsewhere by our own FBI, that particular bullet was dropped entirely from our "advice on things to say" to senior Pentagon officials when they met with guests or outsiders.

The other type of change to the talking points was along the lines of fine-tuning and generalizing. Much of what was there was already so general as to be less than accurate. Some bullets would be softened, particularly state-

Party Pioneer

Al Smith, Barry Goldwater and ... Howard Dean?

By Martin Sieff

IS HOWARD DEAN indeed the Republicans' dream Democrat, George McGovern or Eugene McCarthy come again, yet another pure, naïve warrior doomed to lead the Democrats either into schism or decades in the wilderness? Or might he just be something more?

In fact, the evidence is already overwhelming that he is going to be far more than McCarthy, the famous Democratic insurgent candidate against Lyndon Johnson and the Vietnam War in 1968. First, McCarthy rallied his core support from rebellious, young, long-haired baby-boomer students. Dean appeals to millions of those very same baby boomers, but they are now the middle-aged core of middle-class America rather than its challenging peripheral outsiders.

Second, McCarthy had no economic platform worth the name. He opposed Vietnam on grounds of idealistic principle and had nothing to say to pocket-books or bellies. He had no serious self-interest pitch for any sizeable portion of the electorate. Dean, by contrast, has strong economic rhetoric that speaks to the fiscally literate concerns of the middle class, and he has adapted it to speak to working-class Democrats.

Third, McCarthy was painted by LBJ and the Republicans of the day as a whining loser on Vietnam. But the same charges already look unlikely to stick to Dean, though Karl Rove will certainly try. The 1968 election came when the 27-year national consensus to send scores of thousands of American boys to die continents away in wars of ideology was

still strong, though it was certainly fraying. Since Vietnam, a far different national consensus, shaped by Ronald Reagan, has governed the commitment of American troops to wars around the world. That consensus has been: in fast, get a decision fast, don't get bogged down, don't suffer serious casualties, and then get out fast. Every one of those principles has already been broken in Iraq.

Finally, Gene McCarthy emulated William Jennings Bryan in turning a political campaign into a *kulturkampf*—a cultural war against the American mainstream. And the mainstream responded by rejecting him. Had he won his party's presidential nomination at the tumultuous 1968 Chicago convention, it is likely he would have gone down to defeat at the hands of Richard Nixon as catastrophically as Sen. George McGovern—an authentic war hero, no less—did four years later. Whether or not he is, Dean is campaigning as a middle-class moderate, not its antithesis. But if he is no Gene McCarthy, then who is he?

Dean is the Democrats' Barry Goldwater. Goldwater, after all, was an idealistic insurgent who astonished a complacent east-coast establishment out of touch with the party's grassroots activists and its historic principles and values. Goldwater lost in an historic landslide to Lyndon Johnson

in 1964 but in the process revitalized a Republican Party that had been in the doldrums since Herbert Hoover led it there 34 years before, at the height of the Great Depression. But the real significance of Howard Dean's campaign and the fervent support it is already generating dates back earlier than that.

Here is the political fairytale. There was a gallant prince, a repeatedly re-elected governor of a Northeastern state to be exact. He did not exactly look like a prince or a president. He was a mouthy smart aleck who acted like he had stepped straight off the sidewalks of New York City, which indeed he had. But he developed a fervent support among a vast political constituency that had not voted Democratic in more than 30 years. They recognized that he understood their life and death concerns and advocated policies that would save their



lives and ensure the security of their families. He was especially popular among classes of voters who had suffered discrimination and had been the butt of prejudice. All this, and he was a fiscal conservative dedicated to a prosperous, industrially strong America.

But powerful interest groups in his own party opposed this prince. The complacent establishment, which accepted the Republican orthodoxies of the day, was determined he should never get his party's presidential nomination, much less win the presidency. And they were allied with the powerful Southern wing of the party, patriotic and devout but also filled with traditional cultural suspicion of the Northeast. These forces denied the prince the presidential nomination on his first bid but could not prevent him getting it four years later. Even then, they fled the party and subjected him to a vitriolic calumny unprecedented in more than 70 years, and he lost. Such was the fate of Al Smith, Democratic Party nominee for the presidency of the United States in 1928.

Since 1936, when he committed political *hara-kiri* by embracing the Liberty Lobby in jealous hatred of his own heir, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Smith has been the forgotten man of U.S. political history, airbrushed out of existence by successive generations of liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans alike. But there could have been no FDR, and no 36-year era of Democratic national political dominance without him. He was to the Democrats of the age of Franklin Roosevelt what Goldwater has been in the age of Ronald Reagan. He was the pioneer who showed the way. And the trails he blazed have eerie parallels to the ones Howard Dean is now riding.

Where Al Smith repeatedly clashed with Tammany Hall and Democratic power brokers led by John W. Davis and John J. Raskob in the Roaring Twenties,

Dean is anathema to Bill Clinton, Al Gore, and Joe Lieberman, the Democratic Leadership Council, and Democratic National Chairman Terry McAuliffe, the party fat cats of the Shameless Nineties. Indeed, as my late friend Jim Chapin, political commentator for UPI and a walking almanac of American political history, used to put it, "Terry McAuliffe is John J. Raskob." Jim died more than a year ago, before the Dean phenomenon erupted, but I have little doubt he would have recognized Dean as Al Smith *redivivus*.

As the great political scientist Samuel Lubell pointed out half a century ago, even in his apparent landslide defeat at the hands of Herbert Hoover in 1928, Smith won repeated victories for Roosevelt and his successors. He broke the 32-year lock the Republicans had

suburbs, essentially conservative and Republican ever since 1972, back into the Democratic party's ranks. The suburbs have not been Democratic territory since LBJ's 1964 blow-out of Goldwater. Even Bill Clinton, the first successfully re-elected two-term Democratic president since the fabled FDR himself, could not really conquer them. He owed both his 1992 and 1996 victories to Ross Perot's potent Reform Party candidacies, and Perot, with his emphasis on fiscal conservatism and the dangers of the federal budget deficit, drew his strength from the suburbs where Dean is pitching his case most effectively today.

Can Dean outdo Smith? Can he avoid the catastrophic fission between the liberal Northeast and the patriotic South that doomed Smith in both '24 and '28?

DEAN IS ANATHEMA TO BILL CLINTON AND THE PARTY FAT CATS.

enjoyed on Northeastern immigrant-group votes (except for Irish Democrats) since William Jennings Bryan had driven them into the GOP camp in 1896.

In all that time, through the great Progressive Era, Jews, Italians, Poles, Slovaks, and many others in the steel mills of Pennsylvania and the garment sweatshops of New York City had always voted Republican because Republican policies kept their wages coming and their lunch pails full. Bryan and his heir William Gibbs McAdoo, with their obvious antipathy for the culture of the cities, from the piano rags of Scott Joplin to the exuberant horn-tootin' of Louis Armstrong, terrified them. Until Smith came along.

Smith brought the working-class legions of the great Eastern cities into the Democratic Party the same way Dean now holds out the promise of recruiting the great white middle-class

The odds are certainly against him, but they are not insurmountable. Dean and his strategists must recall that they are running to win the suburban middle class. This is their *schwerpunkt*—the strategic main axis of their campaign. In this, they are echoing Smith in 1928 with the very great difference that Herbert Hoover did not have 10 or 20 body bags a week coming from the battlefields of the Middle East when he ran for office in 1928. And major economic indicators were much better for him than they are for President Bush. The omens suggest that Howard Dean will be his party's new Al Smith—and he could do far better. ■

Martin Sieff is chief news analyst for United Press International. His book American Epochs: The Eras of U.S. Political History will be published next year.

Arts & Letters

FILM

[*The Last Samurai*]

“Dances With Wolves” Goes to Japan

By Steve Sailer

PERHAPS THE MOST memorable character created by Edward Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz for that quintessential '80s television show “Thirtysomething” was the “samurai advertising man” Miles Drentell, a sinister executive who justified each new swindle with parables drawn from the martial moralists of Japan.

Drentell proved less satiric than prophetic. Two-thirds of a century after the Rape of Nanking, these feudal philosophies of violence occupy a revered place in American media culture. Now Zwick is back (with script assistance from Herskovitz), directing Tom Cruise as an American cavalry captain hired in 1876 to train Japanese peasant soldiers to put down a samurai rebellion but who instead learns to admire the old-fashioned “way of the warrior.” “The Last Samurai” is a lovely looking but staggeringly reactionary \$100 million elegy for the good old days when an insulted aristocrat could restore his honor by decapitating an insolent commoner on the spot.

This is the fifth military movie Zwick has made. He obviously loves war, but his liberal conscience requires him to inject into each film some multicultural-

ist moralizing. His first and best war flick, “Glory,” was a deserved tribute to the black soldiers who fought in the Civil War. Unfortunately, his subsequent efforts, such as “Courage Under Fire” (about a ferocious Desert Storm chopper pilot played by, of all people, Meg Ryan), have been silly.

Zwick’s spin machine faces its greatest challenge in “The Last Samurai” because it’s essentially an ode to Japanese militarism. Rather than just revel in the cruelty of the samurai tradition, as Quentin Tarantino does in “Kill Bill,” Zwick tries to justify his fascination with superb swords hacking human flesh by concocting a clever rationalization for why the Meiji Emperor’s destruction of the samurai was America’s fault. Yet, as David St. Hubbins pointed out in “Spinal Tap,” there’s such a fine line between clever and stupid.

The samurai paralleled Europe’s knights, but while the latter were rendered militarily obsolete in the 15th century by hoi polloi with armor-piercing longbows and guns, Japan’s hereditary swordsmen used gun-control laws to maintain their bullyboy status into the 1870s.

“The Last Samurai” is a highly romanticized version of the Satsuma revolt under Takamori Saigo, a general who had helped bring the Meiji Restoration reformers to power in 1868 but who resigned as commander of the Imperial Guard in 1873 when his fellow cabinet-members rejected his plan to invade Korea.

Increasingly, the young samurai advising the emperor realized that to modernize Japan enough to prevent its conquest by a European power, they would have to eliminate the parasitical privileges of their own class. Other samurai were less forward-looking.

Deprived of their traditional welfare payments and ordered to stop wearing their swords, they rebelled and made Saigo their warlord.

The new national army of peasants shredded their traditional oppressors. Defeated, Saigo committed *seppuku*. The emperor pardoned him posthumously, however, and his foolhardy valor became an inspiration to the Shinto adventurers who attacked Pearl Harbor.

So, how does Zwick put a progressive paintjob on such medieval material? He has Cruise play an alcoholic, almost suicidal veteran suffering post-traumatic stress disorder from witnessing a massacre of Blackfoot Indians. This genocide was ordered by his criminal colonel, who has been hired by an equally evil Japanese capitalist (who is in cahoots with the amoral American ambassador) because of his expertise in fighting “savages.”

Get it? Zwick’s brainstorm is to portray the samurai as victims of racial prejudice! See, the Meiji modernizers think of the samurai rebels as savages, just as their American puppet-masters imagine the Plains Indians are savages. (In reality, Saigo resembled Sitting Bull infinitely less than he resembled Jefferson Davis. And the U.S. had almost zero influence inside the Japanese government at the time.)

Cruise does his best to whip lackeys into soldiers, but when the samurai charge, the cowardly knaves flee, and our hero is captured. From there, “The Last Samurai” turns into an Eastern “Dances With Wolves.” Cruise is held prisoner for the winter in an exquisite mountain village where the samurai spend their days perfecting their sword-play (and the unsightly peasants who keep these lords fed stay respectfully off-screen).

As he masters the martial arts, Cruise finds therapy for his guilt over the Indians in a profound friendship with the rebel leader (who bears a distracting likeness to Yul Brynner in "The King and I"). Together, they resolve to die nobly, banzai-charging side by side into the American Gatling guns.

A little samurai boy asks Cruise admiringly, "Are you going to help us fight the white men?" His ex-colonel inquires, "Why do you hate your own people?"

Cruise, normally a reliable leading man, gives a pompous performance in the throes of Oscar-fever. Still, "The Last Samurai" accurately if distastefully depicts the primary emotional characteristic of Japanese militarism: male hysteria. ■

Rated R for strong violence and battle sequences.

Steve Sailer is TAC's film critic and a reporter for UPI.

BOOKS

[*Family Circle: The Boudins and the Aristocracy of the Left*, Susan Brady, Knopf, 468 pages]

Decades of Rage

By Scott McConnell

FOUR GENERATIONS of Boudins make appearances in Susan Brady's *Family Circle*, and the saga may have more to run. Brady's psychology-driven collective biography of this leading family of the American Left focuses on the two middle generations. Leonard Boudin was a New York attorney who throughout the Cold War was the lawyer of choice for American Communists and other left-wingers who had fallen afoul of the government; his daughter Kathy, a

1960s radical, was living in the Greenwich Village townhouse where a Weatherman anti-personnel bomb blew up prematurely in 1970. She subsequently went "underground" and was convicted of felony murder for her role in an armored-car robbery 11 years later.

Unlike most who write about the 1960s Left, Susan Brady is not especially interested in the movement's doctrinal questions or tactics. Devoting hardly a paragraph to whether revolution or socialism was a desirable or realistic goal, she links political choices to personal and family dynamics. Her book suffers from the virtual silence of its two central characters, who left behind no paper trail of revelatory documents and did not co-operate with the author. (Leonard Boudin was deceased when *Family Circle* was written; Kathy—a Bryn Mawr classmate and acquaintance of Brady's—decided while in prison that co-operation was not in her interest.) But Brady conducted extensive interviews with Leonard's widow, Jean, doggedly pursued others who knew the family, and has produced a gossipy and perceptive account of a fascinating subject.

The first figure in the Boudin's American story is Louis B. (for Boudinovitch) Boudin, Leonard's uncle. He arrived in Manhattan from Russia in 1891 at age 17, learned English, and made himself a leading labor lawyer, eventually representing most of New York's major socialist and communist unions. He was acquainted with Trotsky and Rosa Luxemburg and wrote several weighty legal tomes.

Leonard Boudin was the much-fussed-over nephew of this family patriarch. He was brilliant but not disciplined, an exceptional chess player and pianist as a child, and an unusually beautiful young man, devastatingly attractive to women and (if his boyhood friend and lover, '60s icon Paul Goodman, is to be believed) to men as well. At City College in the 1930s, Leonard ate lunch neither in the Stalinist nor in the Trotskyist alcoves (according to Irving Kristol's now famous classifications) but held court in the chess club. He married Jean

Roisman, an arty beauty who had been raised in Philadelphia in an unconventional left-wing intellectual milieu. Radical journalist I.F. Stone was her brother-in-law; composer Marc Blitzstein and actress Stella Adler were frequent guests in her home. At their wedding in 1937, the two were toasted as "the most gorgeous couple of the Left."

Born in 1943, Kathy was the Boudin's second child. Brady presents her trajectory—from Bryn Mawr leftist (she made waves by trying to organize the college's black maids) to early SDS activist to Weather Underground leader to murderess—as a function of her need constantly to prove herself to her father. The competition was stiff. Her older brother Michael was a star student, eventually editor of the *Harvard Law Review*—and though a phlegmatic personality and a political conservative, was considered by his father worthy of comparison to his great-uncle Louis. By the 1950s, Leonard himself was famous. He had won an appeal for accused Red spy Judith Coplon and had a client list that reached from Fidel Castro to Paul Robeson to Joan Baez. Young Kathy was athletic and precocious and charismatic, a natural leader, a red- (or technically pink-) diaper baby who dated the Rosenbergs' son Michael Meeropol in high school. Bright but not brilliant, she couldn't realistically envision a law career to match her older brother Michael's. In Brady's telling, she compensated with greater radicalism and a willingness to take bigger risks.

After graduation, Kathy failed to get into Yale Law School and drifted into the early Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). Then, in the modern American variant of early Russian Marxists going to the land to agitate the peasantry, she tried to mobilize the urban poor. But what miserable and futile work it was trying to "organize" welfare mothers in the Cleveland ghetto! When Kathy's mother came to visit, she was shocked by the rats in the bathroom. Kathy replied that it was easier to deal with rodents than with knocking on doors and getting them slammed in her face.

By 1968, SDS, with Kathy as a core leader, had long given up such organizing. By then the group was an openly communist committee attached to a much larger student movement, proclaiming fealty either to Mao Tse-tung or a variety of other Third World revolutionaries. It strove and often succeeded in igniting confrontations between the police and students, while riven by internal fights over strategy, allegations of sexism, and the question of how much to subordinate itself to black “mother country” revolutionaries. The New Left was a coalition that could not be sustained; no matter how radical the ’60s felt, the number of people who wanted to move from antiwar activism to overthrow of the government was miniscule. The grown-up leftists of Leonard Boudin’s generation certainly knew this—no one who had represented communists in American courtrooms could doubt socialism’s lack of appeal to ordinary Americans.

Still, the Left held up socialism as an ideal, submerging all the hard questions about the socialist societies that actually existed. In Braudy’s telling, Leonard Boudin emerges as far less ideological than one might think, possessing few illusions about the Soviet Union, extremely proud of his son’s quite conventional (and relatively conservative) law career. But that was in his private persona.

When the Vietnam War ended for Americans in 1973, the radical Left died. The student movement dissipated. Was the condition of blacks in America reason to try to overthrow the government by force? The idea seems ridiculous on its face, but several dozen leading lights of the ’60s Left embraced the notion. Kathy Boudin was one of them.

Of course they failed. Even during the ’60s, Weatherman could never entice more than a few hundred people to fight the cops under their banner. Outright terrorism was the next step, but the Greenwich Village townhouse bomb—intended for explosion at an Army dance—horrified much of the

remaining Left. When Kathy Boudin went underground, she was part of a tiny remnant. In the early 1970s, the Weather Underground was left to symbolic actions—like springing LSD-guru Timothy Leary from jail or setting off bombs where they would gather notice without killing. Privately, they worked hard to rid themselves of such “bourgeois prejudices” as sexual jealousy. While Boudin and her comrades maintained a certain notoriety by heading the FBI’s most wanted list and not get-

What remained was engagement with such groups as the Black Liberation Army. Some of Boudin’s underground comrades helped break Johanna Chesimard from a New Jersey prison; the group in New York was plotting and carrying out robberies. While they talked of using the proceeds for local organizing, most of the loot vanished up their noses.

I have read several times before accounts of the 1981 Brinks robbery in Nyack, N.Y., and always mentally filed it

WHILE BOUDIN AND HER COMRADES MAINTAINED A CERTAIN NOTORIETY BY HEADING THE FBI’S MOST WANTED LIST AND NOT GETTING CAUGHT, THEIR POLITICAL INFLUENCE WAS MINIMAL.

ting caught, their political influence was minimal. Like other parts of the hard Left, they sought alliances with black revolutionaries. But figures like David Horowitz (never a Weatherman) withdrew after recognizing that their black allies were never far from criminal violence. It was one thing to romanticize Che Guevara in the Berkeley Hills, another to murder Americans.

Kathy Boudin, her lover David Gilbert, and a handful of others did not pull back in the mid-1970s. Even as leading Weather Underground figures like Bernadine Dohrn and Bill Ayers grew weary of underground life and surfaced, negotiating plea bargains with federal attorneys equally weary of the 1960s, Boudin stood fast. Despite continuous entreaties from her parents (who remained in touch), she stayed underground. Braudy explains this as Kathy’s bid to remain “interesting” to her father. Otherwise, by the late 1970s, Kathy Boudin was a woman no longer especially young and of minimal professional accomplishment, who had spent much of the previous half-dozen years cleaning houses and working at low-level jobs under assumed names. Her main accomplishment was not getting caught by the feds.

without much reflection in the large drawer labeled “Leftists gone mad.” But it is extraordinary to read it once again after 280 pages or so of Boudin family history. For after the (albeit pink tinged) tale of exceptional talent and drive, of professional hurdles overcome and bourgeois skills—the law, music, chess—seriously mastered, the story of the Brinks robbery has real power to shock.

On Oct. 14, 1981, a talented Bryn Mawr graduate and mother dropped her baby off with a sitter in Manhattan and drove with her boyfriend in a rented U-Haul to Nyack, roughly an hour away. There she sat in the front seat at an appointed designation, while a bunch of heavy cocaine users who styled themselves revolutionaries robbed a Brinks truck while it was being loaded in a shopping-mall parking lot. The planning was elaborate, with alternate escape routes and decoys and rehearsed roles for all participants, but the outcome seemed nearly inevitable. First the robbers shot the Brinks guards, killing one, and took the sacks of money, then drove to a meeting place where they piled into Boudin’s and Gilbert’s U-Haul van and took off in an escape caravan to the Tappan Zee Bridge. At a roadblock the cops had set up, a second shootout

ensued—later described by one officer (a Vietnam veteran) as “Nam in Nyack.” In the end, three policemen were dead. Stray bullets were strewn far and wide. Boudin and Gilbert and most of the others were eventually captured. Told well enough by Braudy, in its full context the story is simply astonishing.

Except of course for the horror she visited upon the men she helped to murder and their families, Kathy Boudin’s revolutionary activities had next to zero impact on the United States. She seemed to make no difference as an SDS organizer in Cleveland in the end and failed to nudge the United States the slightest bit closer to socialist revolution. It was all a complete waste.

One can see veterans of the Weather Underground, now settled into middle age, in the new documentary film of that name, looking back at their pasts without remorse but without much pride either. They don’t seem beaten or especially crazy—just slightly less pleased with themselves than previous generations of American communists (immortalized in works like Vivian Gornick’s *Romance of American Communism* and the 1981 film “Reds.”) David Gilbert, the father of Kathy Boudin’s child, is interviewed at Attica, where he serves a life sentence. He seems remarkably self-assured under the circumstances, a man comfortable in his own skin. You can see why Kathy was once drawn to him. She, incidentally, was paroled earlier this year.

The remarkable sequel to the Boudin story is Chesa Boudin—the toddler Kathy left with a babysitter. He was raised by Weathermen leaders Bernadine Dorn and Bill Ayers. After a difficult childhood, he blossomed—graduating *summa cum laude* from Yale and winning a Rhodes Scholarship. Like his parents and grandparents, he is reportedly very left wing—welcome news in its way. One shudders to contemplate the damage such a Boudin could do to the country if, instead of trying to build socialism, he became a neoconservative focused on fomenting “global democratic revolution.” ■

[Interviews with Dwight Macdonald, Michael Wreszin, ed., University Press of Mississippi, 200 pages]

The Man Who Knew Too Much

By R.J. Stove

FOR A DEAD MAN, Dwight Macdonald (1906-1982) now looks pretty healthy. All too often during his old age, he found himself dismissed as a self-destructive dilettante. Nowadays, by contrast, he occupies a secure place as America’s best-known “unknown” man of letters (notwithstanding recent *ad hominem* diatribes, optimistically packaged as literary critiques, in the *Washington Times* and the *Dartmouth Review*). We owe this Macdonald revival wholly to Michael Wreszin, Professor Emeritus at Queens College in New York, who has turned himself with Stakhanovite dedication—how the Soviet-hating Macdonald would have shuddered at that adjective—into a one-man Macdonald industry. Wreszin’s aptly titled 1994 book *A Rebel in Defense of Tradition: The Life and Politics of Dwight Macdonald* displayed astonishing diligence, and great shrewdness, in chronicling the life of Macdonald’s mind. (Macdonald seems to have had precious little life outside his mind.) Seven years afterwards appeared a Wreszin-edited collection of Macdonald’s letters, *A Moral Temper*. Neither volume received adequate press coverage, a fact that inspired the fear that public indifference had made Wreszin give up. Happily, here comes the third panel in Wreszin’s Macdonald triptych.

Historian John Lukacs called Macdonald “the American Orwell,” and certainly Macdonald resembled Orwell in several respects. Both men wrote invariably readable prose. Both men grasped, with cold fury, the causal linkage of linguistic corruption and ethical corrup-

tion. (Lukacs’s description of Macdonald’s writing process suits Orwell equally: “Every word was not only an aesthetic but a moral choice.”) Both men remain gratifyingly unclassifiable. Orwell the grimy materialist coexisted uneasily with Orwell the crypto-High-Tory romantic who on his deathbed craved Anglican hymns. Macdonald the self-proclaimed leftist loathed proletarian and industrial culture with a passion recalling Action Française leader Charles Maurras’s invective. For proof of his idiom’s Maurrasian elements, see his principal essay collection, *Against the American Grain*. Like T.S. Eliot—a life-long hero of his—and like all other civilized people, Macdonald considered “elitist” to be not a swearword but a badge of honor.

He arrived at his cultural conservatism (a phrase he may have coined; he undoubtedly took the credit for being the first to write of “mass culture”) via a circuitous route. A rich, apolitical, WASP Yale alumnus whom the Depression radicalized, he initially sought salvation in Moscow, only to lose his Stalinist faith once the show trials occurred. He reacted, as did other “Partisan-skies”—his colleagues at the newborn *Partisan Review*—by embracing Trotskyism. Yet from 1941 he found the Trot temperament to be almost indistinguishable from the Stalinist one and fled that totalitarianism also.

The mid-1940s to the mid-1960s saw Macdonald at the height of his powers. He edited (1944-1949) his own heterodox little magazine, *Politics*, an object lesson in how to save the world when almost no one reads you. *Politics* made no money, its payments to contributors were laughable—he charmed Mary McCarthy into writing for free—and it never had more than 5,000 subscribers; but it published Orwell, Camus, C. Wright Mills, and Simone Weil, as well as *The Group*’s future author. After *Politics*, he gave us his most devastating literary articles, originally printed in *Partisan Review*, *Commentary*, and the *New Yorker* but afterwards assembled in *Against the American Grain* and *Dis-*

criminations. In 1958, *Commentary* ran Macdonald's hatchet job on the once fashionable novelist James Gould Cozzens: "By Cozzens Possessed," probably the most murderous book review 20th-century America ever produced.

HE EDITED HIS OWN HETERODOX LITTLE MAGAZINE, **POLITICS**, AN OBJECT LESSON IN **HOW TO SAVE THE WORLD** WHEN ALMOST **NO ONE READS YOU**.

From this period, in addition, dates much of Macdonald's best political analysis, such as *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* contains; and patchier, though always scintillating, film criticism for *Esquire*, later republished as *Dwight Macdonald on Movies*. Once anti-Vietnam campus ferment began, Macdonald returned to leftist activism, his main practical contribution characteristically consisting of public fights with nearly every other leftist activist. This campaigning ended almost as suddenly as it started; during his last decade he drank too much, wrote too little, and became a peripatetic humanities lecturer, in which role he reached a special rapport with trainee policemen at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice.

Macdonald was a broad-gauged thinker—in short, worth arguing with. His agonizings over the issues of collective guilt (which he scorned), the Final Solution, atomic warfare, and militarily purposeless civilian bombings like Dresden's, are at the very least products of humane and serious—although never solemn—cerebration. Hence their appeal to Camus, who would have resented Macdonald's jokes elsewhere. They remain free from every trace of that present-day epidemic, Goldhagenitis—a disease inducing in fourth-rate academics the lucrative delusion that most, and probably all, blame for the Nazi genocide rests with Pius XII.

Where Macdonald fails as philosopher is in his sophomoric atheism: he remarked in a 1973 interview, "Religion has nothing to do with people ... It's boring in the most fundamental way."

Thank you for sharing, Dwight. Indeed, several other disappointments mark this new book's material, which dates from 1958 to 1980. If you have spent a lifetime as non-cinéaste—gainfully occupied in avoiding "Hiroshima Mon Amour" or

Macdonald and his coevals enjoyed. (OK, we *know* about all that frightful McCarthyist censorship, yada yada yada.) In 1960, Macdonald lamented that during Mark Twain's adulthood, "the needs of industry were attracting vast numbers of immigrants, most of whom didn't speak English. Standards, cultural as well as ethical, were simply swept away in the rush." That "racist" comment appeared, without protest, in the *New Yorker*. Today it would probably provoke blue pencils even at the *New American*.

Some nasty enjoyment can indubitably be had from the present tome, despite its surreal proofreading. (Feature-writer Brendan Gill is identified as both "Brendon" and "Brendin" on the same page; "obiter dicta" turns into "obiter dica"; "specialités" has somehow lost its diacritical; and Pevsner, the British architectural historian, becomes "Pesner." For Macdonald, such "trivia" mattered.) There are swift upper cuts, like his 1967 quip about Bill Buckley's

"Last Year at Marienbad,"—do not look to Macdonald's animadversions for enlightenment as to why you should repent forthwith. If blow-by-blow reportage of the Partisanskies' internecine warfare leaves you cold, Macdonald's 1979 discussion of this warfare with Diana Trilling is unlikely to warm you. His tribute to I.F. Stone's newsletter makes strange reading after the 1992 revelations of Stone's KGB background.

Nevertheless these pages give a sense of the sheer intellectual freedom that

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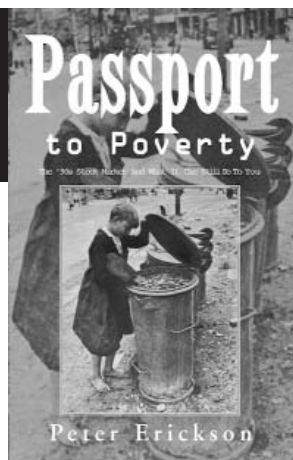
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New York Post columns: “no worse than a bad cold, really.” (He found Robert Novak’s output far preferable.) There are more elaborate verdicts, like his double-edged depiction—in adroit Hemingwayese—of Buckley’s *Post* colleague Murray Kempton; he charges Kempton with “the goo-goo, bleeding-heart liberal syndrome, his heart bleeds exclusively for the bad guys like Hoffa and even more diabolical clients and it is often boring as any mechanical reaction to a mechanical stimulus is, but he often can’t find any certified public enemy to bleed over ... in any case he is a master of the column form, always providing a beginning, a middle and an end in 900 words.”

There are useful, albeit unintended, guides to *Disgracing Yourself At Your Next B’nai B’rith Meeting In One Easy Lesson*: “What was always strange to me [about Norman Podhoretz’s attacks upon Hannah Arendt] was that all these people that were leftists and Marxists together with me suddenly turned out to be ... Jewish nationalists. We wouldn’t have spit on that position when we were Marxists.”

Macdonald’s hatred of neo-Jacobins—a more accurate term, surely, than “neoconservatives”—suggests that the main difference between him and them may not have been ideological but, rather, stylistic. Perhaps they just have a far greater authorial gift than he had (and than most of us ever acquire) for self-congratulating pomposity. Yet he showed no interest in supporting agrarian conservatism either. Macdonald, quite as much as any more conventional Manhattanite, found unforgivable the American heartland’s tendency to contain, you know, Americans. (Had most Nebraskans swilled absinthe while reading Rimbaud, or had most Iowans hummed Schoenberg’s tone-rows while in the bathtub, he might have esteemed them more.)

Do the Big Apple boundaries of Macdonald’s intellect therefore make him irrelevant to John Citizen’s concerns? Not in the slightest. Here is a prophecy he dashed off when corresponding with

his Italian friend Nicola Chiaromonte: “If the United States doesn’t or cannot change its mass culture ... it will lose the war against the USSR. Americans have been made into permanent adolescents ... scared of death, sex, old age.” He feared a crushing American defeat in countries where “the mere struggle for existence is important and where some of the people are grown-ups.” Simply change “the USSR” to “Islam,” and that passage becomes as hideously pertinent now as ever. It dates from 1950, when the very dream of Hugh Hefner’s and Rupert Murdoch’s global pornocracies was still just a cloud no bigger than an onanist’s hand.

Wreszin understandably notes Macdonald’s current appeal to those tired of gutter-media bombast: “At the present moment,” says Wreszin’s introduction, “spring of 2002, with a press described twenty years ago as being on bended knee, it is little wonder that a small band of thoughtful Americans look for a Dwight Macdonald.” Still, to praise Macdonald for his naysaying alone would be to misrepresent him altogether. His sheer erudition remains a model. True, it obstructed his creative powers. Brahms complained that the sound of Beethoven’s footsteps dogged him everywhere. The hapless Macdonald experienced a far graver plight: behind him marched a veritable army of influences, including Proudhon, Herzen, Trotsky, Freud, Joyce, Picasso, Eisenstein, and Buster Keaton, not to mention every master of British prose from Cranmer onwards. (Which Partisanskies except Macdonald had heard of, much less read, Abraham Cowley [d. 1667]?) In a sense very different from that of Hitchcock’s protagonist, Macdonald thus became “the man who knew too much.” Yet how much rarer, more praiseworthy, this title is than that of the man who knows too little.

One can now become a best-selling pundit—dozens do—while having read no pre-1960 literature whatsoever, let alone pre-1960 literature in foreign languages. America’s highest-paid magazine editors once expected rather loftier stan-

dards of learning; and these standards Macdonald abundantly met. For insights into how he met them, these interviews are valuable. But the newcomer to Macdonald should seek out, first, *Against the American Grain*, *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*, *Discriminations*, *Dwight Macdonald On Movies*, and the Wreszin biography. In that order. ■

R.J. Stove lives in Melbourne, Australia, and is the author of The Unsleeping Eye: Secret Police and Their Victims.

[Onward Muslim Soldiers: How Jihad Still Threatens America and the West, Robert Spencer, Regnery Publishing, 352 pages]

Christendom, Awake

By Michael S. Rose

TWICE CONVICTED of inciting racial hatred after she criticized the ritual sacrifice of sheep by Muslims during their Eid el-Kebir holy day, Brigitte Bardot is making news again for much the same reason. Two French human-rights groups took swift legal action against the French screen siren, charging that her latest book *Crê dans le silence* is full of racist attacks against Muslims—though, of course, Muslims are of all races.

The evidence of her latest offense: Bardot denounces the “Islamicization” of France and blames the degeneration of French society on her country’s liberal immigration laws. “For twenty years we have submitted to a dangerous and uncontrolled underground infiltration,” she writes in her new book, which became an instant best-seller in France this summer. “Not only does [Islam] fail to give way to our laws and customs. Quite the contrary, as time goes by it tries to impose its own law on us.”

Naked facts would seem to bear out BB’s contentions. For example, practi-

cally all of France's 1,200 mosques are funded by foreign governments, and out of the country's 230 major imams, none is French. According to journalist Christopher Caldwell, "[I]mams are often chosen by foreign governments for loyalty to their ideological priorities," priorities that are decidedly not those of France. Anyone who has been to Marseilles recently will understand what Bardot means by "Islamicization." The Muslim population of France doubled between 1989 and 1998, and if population trends continue, the eldest daughter of Christendom could have a Muslim majority by 2040 or earlier.

Back in the United States, Robert Spencer has topped the aging sex kitten with a new book of his own. *Onward Muslim Soldiers* is jam-packed with wildly politically incorrect statements about Islam—"Jihad and killing is the head of Islam"—though it is instructive to note that many of these statements, like the example above, are direct quotes from Muslim religious leaders themselves. Such is Spencer's tack in providing his critical analysis of Islamic writings, history, and current practice.

Irony abounds. While Brigitte Bardot is being sued for the third time by French human-rights groups advocating on behalf of Islam, Spencer charges that it is Islam itself, its traditional teachings and modern practice, that not only incites hatred—hatred of non-Muslims (infidels)—but also incites violence. Islamic intolerance, he says, plays no small role in our present clash of civilizations.

In November 2002, for example, Nigerian journalist Isioma Daniel wrote an article for the Lagos daily *This Day* about the Miss World pageant, which was to be held in Nigeria in December. She asked, "What would Mohamed think? In all honesty, he probably would have chosen a wife from one of them." Muslims were outraged, including the Muslim official in the Nigerian province of Zamfara who called for the journalist to be killed for her "blasphemy." Riots ensued, and Muslims set ablaze the offices of *This Day*. Approximately 500

people were killed, and since then Christians have been fleeing the area. Such is what President Bush expediently called a "religion of peace."

Again, Spencer's thesis that Islam is an intolerant religion is not a politically correct vision nor one that is widely accepted among scholars. Though he provides dozens of supportive examples throughout this well-documented book, *Onward Muslim Soldiers* will undoubtedly come under fire as being filled with "racist attacks" against Muslims. To be sure, if he had published his book in France he would be facing the same sort of legal offensive by hysterical rights groups that make a living out of defending the *status quo* of European multicultural rot.

The most absorbing point, if not the main point, of *Onward Muslim Soldiers* is that most Western countries, and especially France, are serving the twin gods of multiculturalism and tolerance to their own demise. The big question with respect to Muslim immigration to Europe and America is whether a tolerant society (as characterized by the West) can survive the presence of an intolerant minority (as characterized by Islam).

Dutch politician Pim Fortuyn asked exactly that question just before he was assassinated last year on the eve of Holland's national elections. Fortuyn, an unapologetic libertine (whose kitchen featured portraits of Marx and Lenin)

warned that immigration from Islamic countries threatens to change Dutch values inalterably. He once called Islam "a backward religion," arguing that Christianity and Judaism have gone through the laundromat of humanism and enlightenment. As much cannot be said of Islam.

Spencer claims it was partly Fortuyn's flamboyant homosexuality that led him to espouse such a controversial position. The Dutch politician pointed out that in the Netherlands homosexuality is treated on par with heterosexuality. In Islam, not so. Tired of being insulted by Muslims who called him "lower than a pig" for being a gay man, Fortuyn proposed curbs on Muslim immigration to Holland and called for the assimilation of the Muslims already there into the secular, multiethnic, multicultural, tolerant framework of modern Dutch society. "We need to integrate these people; they need to accept that, in Holland, gender equality and tolerance of different lifestyles is very, very important to us."

Fortuyn's assassin, Volkert van der Graaf, believing that Dutch Muslims are an oppressed minority, felt that the rise of Fortuyn on the national political scene signaled the advent of fascism. He explained that he shot the Dutch renegade in order to save the Netherlands from such a neo-Hitlerian mentality.

Fortuyn, however, was able to vocalize what his Dutch brethren are unwilling to accept, that most Muslims com-

CHRISTIANITY AND JUDAISM HAVE GONE THROUGH THE LAUNDROMAT OF HUMANISM AND ENLIGHTENMENT. AS MUCH CANNOT BE SAID OF ISLAM.

was consistently vilified by Europeans as "far Right," though in most ways he supported the postmodern, post-Christian Holland of hashish cafés and licensed prostitutes. What set him apart? Fortuyn believed that traditional Islamic values are incompatible with the liberal, secular societies of the West and

monly believe that the only legitimate basis for a society—and that would apply to Dutch society as well as anywhere—is Sharia, the Islamic law that the Taliban was so strictly enforcing. Spencer quotes an imam in Holland: "The Sharia does not have to adapt to the modern world because these are

divine laws. People have to bend to the Sharia.” Defense of the Sharia includes, among other things, the defense of stoning—not only for the sin of Sodom, but also for adultery, a staple of modern Dutch life. Moreover, Muslim cultural features such as arranged marriages, revenge killings, and female circumcision (including sewing up the woman’s vagina from top to bottom) are diametrically opposed to Western values. Fortuyn’s fatal mistake was to warn Holland against the Trojan horse of intolerance it is inviting into its society in the name of tolerance and multiculturalism.

MANY MUSLIMS NOT ONLY REJECT THE IDEA OF ASSIMILATING WITH THE PREVAILING SECULAR CULTURES OF THE WEST, BUT ALSO SEE AS THEIR GOAL NOTHING LESS THAN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF ISLAMIC STATES IN EUROPE.

Tensions between Islam and European secularism are also apparent in the status of women. If the principles of classic Islamic law hold sway, women will be reduced to second-class citizens. Ayaan Hirsi Ali, elected to the Dutch parliament in January, has criticized Islam precisely on this point. Hirsi Ali, a young Somali immigrant who considers herself an “ex-Muslim,” charges that it is Islam at its core (not simply so-called radical Islam) that is oppressive to women. She refers both to verses in the Koran as well as to modern-day Muslim practices. For example, Sura 4:34 of the Koran says women should obey the male members of their families and, if they do not obey then the husband may beat his wife: “As for those [women] from whom ye fear rebellion, admonish them and banish them to beds apart, and scourge them.” According to Hirsi Ali, there are millions of Muslim men who carry out that simple verse. For daring to voice such a scandalous testimony, the young Somali was forced to flee her country under threat of death.

To be sure, Spencer duly recognizes that some Muslims willingly secularize, but he takes great pains to point out that

many other Muslims not only reject the idea of assimilating with the prevailing secular cultures of the West, but also see as their goal nothing less than the establishment of Islamic states in Europe. If the mounds of evidence piled up in *Onward* are to be believed, the ground-work is already being laid.

Turkey’s Catholic Archbishop Giuseppe Bernardini warns, for example, that millions of Saudi petro-dollars have been used not to create work in the poor Islamic nations of North Africa or the Middle East but to build mosques and cultural centers in the heart of Christian

countries with Islamic immigration, including Italy at the very heart of Christendom.

How can we ignore this Muslim program of “expansion and reconquest,” asks the archbishop, especially when radical Muslims have been so forthright about their intentions? Monsignor Bernardini recounted a conversation he had with a Muslim leader who said to him, “Thanks to your democratic laws, we will invade you. Thanks to our religious laws, we will dominate you.”

In London, Sheikh Omar Bakri openly declared his intention to transform the West into Dar Al-Islam and to establish Sharia on British soil. “I want to see the black flag of Islam flying over Downing Street,” he has said. In fact, his al-Muhajiroun group is dedicated to this goal. Likewise, Abu Hamza, widely quoted as saying there’s nothing wrong with Osama bin Laden or his beliefs, headed up a similar organization called Supporters of Sharia, dedicated to the Islamization of Britain.

Muslim clerics like Bakri and Hamza have not been shy about their *modus operandi*: to exploit the Western system that guarantees them free speech, well-

being, and respect for religious rights in order ultimately to impose their intolerant (and in many cases barbaric) laws on that same Western society.

This clever brand of *jihad* confirms Bardot’s contention that “Not only does [Islam] fail to give way to our laws and customs. Quite the contrary, as time goes by it tries to impose its own law on us.”

Thus Spencer devotes a good deal of his book to an in-depth look at the Islamic concept of *jihad* as it is preached today. He carefully examines traditional Islamic teachings to reveal the advocacy of violence justified by religion. In his analysis, *jihad* is a violent doctrine of theology, a tradition, and a legal system within Islam. He answers critics who hold that *jihad* is not holy war by saying that they are unwilling to face uncomfortable facts of Islamic history and theology. For example, Muhammad himself taught that *jihad* is about making war not peace, about fighting unbelievers in order to establish the supremacy and hegemony of the Islamic political and social system, not just the religion.

It’s clear from *Onward Muslim Soldiers* that there are enough radical Muslim clerics out there to dispel the myth of a tolerant Islam. (In fact, Sheikh Muhammad Hisham Kabbani toured the American mosques in 1999 and estimated that 80 percent of them are under control of radical extremist Muslims who teach violent *jihad*.) Rather than being “a religion of peace,” Spencer presents a convincing argument that Islam is intolerant and violent at its core, as much in its traditional doctrine as in its modern-day practice. In the words of author Ibn Warraq, “[U]nless a reformed, tolerant, liberal kind of Islam emerges soon, perhaps the final battle will be between Islam and Western democracy.” Says Spencer: this is the war we’re in now. ■

Michael S. Rose is executive editor of cruxnews.com and author of several books including Goodbye, Good Men: How Liberals Brought Corruption Into the Catholic Church.

Wanna Design Your Own Religion?

And Jesus said, "Go forth into all the world and sample the truths of all religions."

O.K., Jesus didn't really say that. But wouldn't it be nice if He had? We could dabble in the world's religions and — since their truth claims and practices often contradict one another — we could just pick what we like from each and leave the rest.

We already have "designer" this and that. Why not a designer religion to suit each individual's fancy?

Yes, we know, there's a slight problem. With what authority could we concoct our own religion? Someone said that if you want to start your own religion, get yourself crucified and rise on the third day.

So, what did Jesus actually say? Known as the Great Commission, here it is: "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you..." (Mt. 28:19-20).

All other religions deny that Jesus was given "all authority in heaven and on earth." So either this Jesus is who He says He is or He's a crazed megalomaniac. If He's the latter, you really couldn't trust anything He said. If He is who He says He is, that means missionary work, evangelization, and witnessing by word and deed.

But there are lots of lukewarm Laodicean Christians (Rev. 3:14-16) who want to somehow split the

difference. They don't want to proclaim the Gospel, but neither do they want to let go of Jesus altogether. They'd rather do social work and engage in interreligious dialogue, searching for some greater, more agreeable truth that has so far eluded everyone.

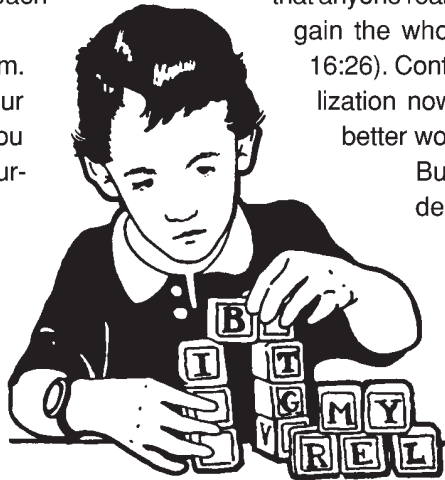
In the Catholic Church the result has been the waning of the missionary spirit. Yes, the word "evangelization" is still used, but there's little sense anymore that anyone really needs Jesus, that anyone could gain the whole world and lose his soul (Mt. 16:26). Contrary to Church teaching, evangelization now basically means working for a better world.

But Jesus warned that the road to destruction is broad and comfortable, and the road to salvation is narrow and difficult (Mt. 7:13-14). Do Christians care anymore? The Southern Baptists do. The Pope does. And so do we. We are the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, an orthodox Catholic monthly magazine that

doesn't shy away from the "hard" teachings of Jesus.

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Raymond Aron: Scourge of Marxism

By Jonathan Chaves

The socialist crusader interprets the conduct of others according to his own idea of History ... Because he proclaims the universal truth of a single view of History, he reserves the right to interpret the past as he pleases.

—Raymond Aron

... [T]he weaver's fingers ache ... / could you see her weaving, / you'd pity her too!

—Po Chü-i (AD 772-846)

WHEN RAYMOND ARON wrote the words quoted above in his great book on Marxism, *The Opium of the Intellectuals* (*Opium des intellectuels*, 1955), he was expressing in different phrasing Orwell's classic formulation, "Those who control the present control the past; those who control the past control the future." And because Marxism remains very much the foundation of the thought of our contemporary intelligentsia, Aron's book remains essential reading for all conservatives.

It might be thought, surely Marxism died in 1989 with the collapse of the Soviet Union and its various satellites. Indeed, the intellectuals had long since, however grudgingly, admitted that horrors were perpetrated under these regimes, and the failure of the socialist economic system was now undeniably apparent. Well, yes, but ... as Aron understood in 1955, the essential appeal of Marxism was never exclusively or even primarily economic. Marxism was and remains a worldview, held with fervor by a high percentage—let us say, a critical mass—of intellectuals, a percentage sufficient to maintain it as the underpinning of our intellectual life. It is simply that there has been a shift, from the economic sphere, where the suc-

cesses of capitalism have been, again grudgingly, acknowledged by the intellectuals, to the cultural sphere, where such Marxist thinkers as Theodor Adorno and Antonio Gramsci had long ago called for it to move its emphasis: "It's the culture, stupid!"

And that is why our children and grandchildren, as they attend college today, are being taught a version of history that essentially demonizes the past as having been merely oppressive, so as to justify the utopian project of fashioning the future in accordance with an egalitarian vision. My students routinely read the literary works of the past with an eagle eye for oppressions visited upon the female characters or rebellions by these characters against the oppression, in accordance with the feminist appropriation of the Marxist analysis of society as classes or groups of two kinds: oppressors and oppressed. Everything is seen as a power struggle, and we are always to take the side of the group officially designated as the underdog.

That is why Aron is so important. He was the first, and remains the most cogent, in analyzing the essential falsehoods at the base of Marxist thought. In the chapter titled, "The Myth of the Proletariat," Aron shows that the Marxist definition of this "class" does not correspond to any really existing social entity; there are industrial workers, of course, but their way of seeing things is simply

losophy or worldview will suit the case and render possible a final dismissal of Marxism as the philosophy of choice for our intellectuals.

But then Aron himself further grasps that Marxism cannot be contained even within the category of "philosophy;" his greatest insight, establishing him as one of the 20th century's leading thinkers, is that Marxism functions as a religion-substitute for the intellectuals, who have rejected the real religions—Christianity, Judaism—that animated their ancestors. Marxism becomes their "opium" precisely because it fills the void of meaning left behind when religion itself is banished. And thus the eschatology of religion too is replaced by the secular eschatology of revolution leading to utopia, as Christian soteriology previously held that salvation would lead to paradise beyond the grave. With so much supposedly at stake, no wonder Marxist-inspired historians (literary critics, art historians, *ad infinitum*) are prepared to revise history as it is presented in their disciplines so as to provide sanction for the revolutionized utopia they envision for the future.

But Aron realizes as well that over and above the pseudo-religiosity that drives the project of the intellectuals, there is also mere sentimentality, a romanticized pity for the sufferings of the poor. And he shows how this pity, deracinated from any solid grounding in

MARXISM BECOMES THEIR "OPIUM" PRECISELY BECAUSE IT FILLS THE VOID OF MEANING LEFT BEHIND WHEN RELIGION ITSELF IS BANISHED.

not what Marxists say it is, quite apart from what should be the obvious fact that three industrial workers might very well have three entirely different worldviews, since they are individual human persons capable of thinking for themselves. Once the Marxist taxonomy of society is thus exposed as erroneous, the entire structure begins to collapse. Nothing short of Aron's examination of the basic premises of Marxism as a phi-

a religious worldview, becomes all-devouring, a raging fire of limitless outrage, degenerating in turn into pure, utterly destructive hatred.

I realize again each spring how important Aron's insight is to our time. This is when I teach the second semester of a sequence on the history of Chinese literature, read in English translation. In the fall semester, we cover the entire pre-modern period, beginning with the

ancient poetic anthology, *Shih ching*, or *The Book of Songs*, and working our way through the dynasties to 1911, when the last dynasty, the Ch'ing, collapsed in the Republican Revolution. The poems, stories, novels, plays, and essays we read are loved by the students, and with good

MARX NEEDS TO BE ANALYZED CRITICALLY, AS HE HAS THUS FAR BEEN PRESENTED TO THEM AS ONE OF THE HEROIC FIGURES IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN THOUGHT.

reason, as all emerge from and are underpinned by age-old ways of thought—Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism—that successfully functioned as the foundation stones of a great civilization for millennia.

But in the spring semester, when we reach 1942 and Chairman Mao Tse-tung's *Talks at the Yen'an Forum on Literature and Art*, delivered seven years prior to the total victory of the Chinese Communist Party and from that day on the Chinese Communist "gospel" on literature and art, it immediately becomes apparent even to the aesthetically challenged students of today that the literature degenerates in quality. Why? Is it merely that politics and poetry don't mix? No, because we had read wonderful political-protest poems from the T'ang Dynasty by the likes of Po Chü-i, based on a Confucian sense of moral indignation when the Mandate of Heaven and the Five Moral Norms are betrayed by those in power.

This awareness of a transcendent source of moral norms is ultimately what made it possible for a writer such as Po to succeed artistically. The problem is the very ideas that Mao introduces in the *Yenan Talks* and throughout his writings: the ideas of Marx. For the students to understand the deadly effect these ideas have on literature, art, and the entire cultural realm, Marx needs to be analyzed critically, something unheard of for them, as he has thus far been presented to them as one of the heroic figures in the history of modern thought. And so I distribute to them a list

of "must read" books, without actually assigning them, as this is, after all, a course in Chinese literature, and I believe in truth in advertising.

The list includes Solzhenitsyn, *The Gulag Archipelago* and *From Under the Rubble*; Milosz, *The Captive Mind*; and

Raymond Aron, *The Opium of the Intellectuals*. The title alone takes the students aback when I speak it aloud; many of them are intrigued and get the book out from the library or purchase a used copy. And now they can buy their own new copy, in the contemporary edition brought out by Transaction Publishers, with a new introduction by Harvey C. Mansfield. My hope beyond hope, of course, is that once the false religion of Marxism has been extirpated from their minds, space will have been cleared for real religion to regain lost ground and provide the grappling hook required for us to emerge ourselves "from under the rubble." Should this ever happen among our young people, we will have Raymond Aron at least partially to thank. ■

Jonathan Chaves is professor of Chinese at The George Washington University.

MUSIC

The Real Christian Rock

By Mark Gauvreau Judge

AS I GET OLDER it becomes increasingly clear that much of the popular music of the rock era was not built to last. Songs that seemed timeless, inde-

structible, at their first few hundred hearings—"Sympathy for the Devil," "Won't Get Fooled Again"—now fail to inspire. Peter Buck, the guitarist for the group R.E.M. once said songs are like pairs of jeans: they can get worn out. But most of the rock canon is too far gone even for Goodwill.

The reason, I think, is that so many songs of the rock era lack a solid foundation, which can launch a popular song into the firmament of genuine art. The great failure of the rock era is a failure of sound. A wonderful melody can carry a song for a summer, but without a rich sonic landscape, most songs eventually fade. Sinatra was brilliant, but if his backing band was, say, the Sex Pistols instead of Nelson Riddle, he would now be the answer to a trivia question.

Great sound, usually but not always based on classic forms like blues and jazz, can often ensure a record that lasts. (Honestly, is anyone listening to Britney Spears's first album?) It's like Christianity and paganism: the former has the eternal, unchanging truth on its side and thus offers what Chesterton called "the eternal revolution." Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Peggy Lee are Christian sounds—the truth of their music seems to rejuvenate itself every generation, as Rod Stewart's rediscovery of the classic American songbook indicates. Rap, punk, Britney, and Madonna are all pagan sounds: soulless and transitory. They will not be remembered.

Consider the new Van Morrison album, *What's Wrong with This Picture?* Morrison has always been a Christian musician. He literally is a Christian and has always shunned the rock sound and the rock lifestyle. In the 1960s, he admitted to being disgusted when he looked out at the filthy hippies attending his shows. Morrison's music has always had a powerful grounding in blues and jazz, forms that continue to reveal truths. That's the reason *What's Wrong With This Picture?* works—like Morrison's albums dating back to the 1990 masterpiece *Hymns to the Silence*, it is a jazz and blues album. *Whinin' Boy Moan* is straight swing, but it sounds

fresher than anything I've heard on MTV in the last six months. *Once in a Blue Moon* is Latin and, like the rest of the albums, has big fat melodies. "Stop Drinking" is jump blues, and "Little Village" is a soft folk tune that in about three chords and manages to evoke the divine in nature. You won't find its kind of lyrics in the Top 40: "It's raining in the forest/Just enough to magnetize the trees."

Of course, blues and jazz are primarily black art forms, but the irony is that of all popular music they probably have the broadest universal appeal. Liberal critics defending "gansta" rap point out that many blues and jazz songs have despair and even violence as part of their package, but they often fail to explain that the point of the music is to prove that one can get by with humor, faith, and dignity even in the face of such injustice, that one doesn't have to resort to blowing up buildings with an airplane or cursing one's mother or rape.

This tension between the slings and arrows of the fallen world and the divine calling to a dignified, giving life leavened with a sense of humor—not to mention the knowledge that music itself, the creation of order through playing the instruments—is a refutation of the defeat and even nihilism in some blues lyrics. "Once in a blue moon," Morrison sings on one track, "there's a thing called

happiness." Read on a page that looks glum, but the Latin beat sends the song to the dance floor, and Morrison sounds suffused with joy. The sound, the tradition, the faith, are holding him up. To do so a melody must be strong, solid, timeless, yet it is out of obedience to form

LIKE THE ROCK STARS—AND CRITICS—WHO LOVE BILL CLINTON, HE IS A MEMBER OF THE **DIVINE CHURCH OF MYSELF**. NO WONDER HE CAN'T PLAY THE SAX.
NO PAGAN REALLY CAN.

that joy arrives. (Is it any wonder Morrison is heard spontaneously giggling on the title track?) St. Francis, who had the brass actually to obey the radical command of the Gospels, was the one who knew raptures, not the worldly who were saddled with their own relevance.

Now I know another reason, as if I needed any more, why Bill Clinton makes me so sad. Like rap stars, he is his own god. There is no sight on this earth phonier and more disgusting than Clinton testifying in a black church, which he does every time the Democrats are in trouble. Like the rock stars—and critics—who love him, he is a member of the Divine Church of Myself. No wonder he can't play the sax. No pagan really can.

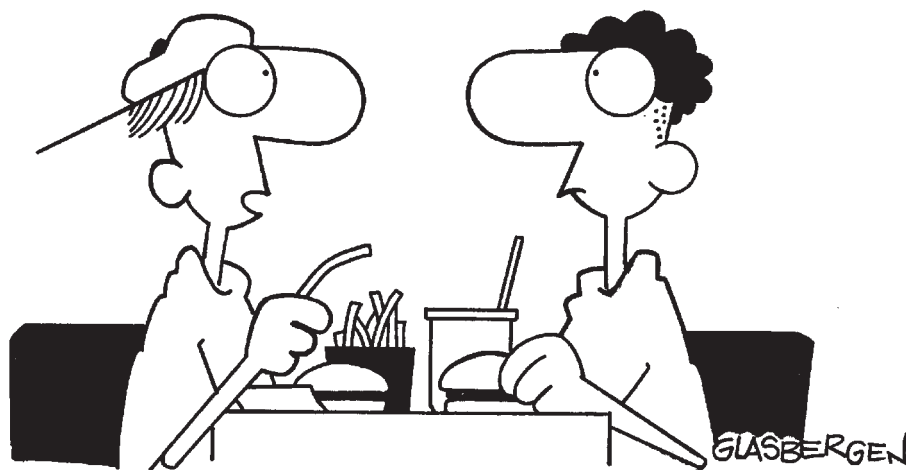
Perhaps the pagan analogy is off the mark—that is to say, too favorable to the rock and rollers. After all, Christ crushed paganism, leaving for nonbelievers not a dynamic palette of demigods, but, well, ... nothingness. This was made clear in a recent lecture given by theologian David

B. Hart. He argues that Christ's victory was so total that it has left moderns like Madonna worshipping and fearing not the Olympians of old—that at least would acknowledge some authority outside the human will—but enervated and lost, with nothing to fall back on but themselves. Hart puts it well:

Modern persons will never find rest for their restless hearts without Christ, for modern culture is nothing but the wasteland from which the gods have departed, and so this restlessness has become its own deity; and, deprived of the shelter of the sacred and the consoling myths of sacrifice, the modern person must wander or drift, vainly attempting one or another accommodation with death, never escaping anxiety or ennui, and driven as a result to ceaseless labor or distraction, or acquisition, or willful idiocy. And, where it works its sublimest magic, our culture of empty spectacle can so stupefy the intellect as to blind it to its own disquiet, and induce a spiritual torpor more deplorable than mere despair.

Sounds like the new Britney Spears album. ■

Mark Gauvreau Judge is the author of *Damn Senators: My Grandfather and the Story of Washington's Only World Series Championship* and *If It Ain't Got That Swing*.



"I forgot to make a back-up copy of my brain, so everything I learned last semester was lost."

GLASBERGEN

Plague of the Sofa Samurai



“Missing Links Found,” screams William Safire, confirming what my daddy told me long ago: you can always fool people who wish to be fooled. What

a crock. If Douglas Feith has any real evidence that Saddam’s spy agency and al-Qaeda were in bed together, Bill Clinton did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky.

Who do these neo-“Mac, Leroy, and José, you do the fighting and dying, we’ll do the talking”—cons take us for? Complete dupes like those patsies in the White House who fell for their WMD bull? If Saddam and Osama were partners in crime, Ahmad Chalabi was never a bank swindler. Mind you, the neocons need to dupe us at every turn. They’re the ones who got us into this mess in the first place, so they’re not about to do a *mea culpa*. To the contrary. They have an agenda, and to hell with the truth, the facts, and whatever else stands in their way. Ergo the “sensational” revelation that Saddam and Osama were playing footsie. If close to 500 of our young soldiers had not been needlessly butchered, this would be a joke on a par with those hilarious Clintonian denials of wrongdoing. But our boys not only continue to die, now their bodies are also being desecrated *à la* Somalia. The cynicism of the Sofa Samurai is truly breathtaking.

Puffy John Podhoretz, who has been known to flirt with danger when devouring cream pies, dismisses the number of dead and horribly mangled as insignificant compared to Vietnam. Yes, Puffy, they are, but give it time and they will not be. Podhoretz, incidentally, qualified his statement by announcing that he had not served in the army. Gee, thanks, and here I thought you were a

Silver Star winner and a volunteer to boot. Puffy recently referred to John Kerry as a Congressional Medal of Honor winner. No one pointed out to him that that was another Kerrey, head of the New School and a onetime boyfriend of Debra Winger, for which, as far as I’m concerned, he deserved a second medal.

As Paul Craig Roberts has reported, neocons are using their presidential appointments to manipulate the intelligence services. “Neo-con media and think tanks aided and abetted the deceit.” Roberts goes on to say how the neocon agenda is to ensure a greater Israel while pretending to impose democracy in the Middle East. Writing and issuing untruths in order to serve Ariel Sharon’s plans is a given. Ditto where the *Weekly Standard*, or *Weekly Sharon*, is concerned. William Kristol, in cahoots with Douglas Feith and as big a bull artist, publishes the rubbish, and presto, the next thing we know it’s a fact. Like the weapons of mass destruction, and the 45 minutes before Saddam was going to hit Britain with them. Once upon a time we had Lenin’s “useful idiots.” Now we have Trotsky’s. All these neocons are Trotskyists in reality, and they let it slip out once in awhile. Don’t be fooled, dear readers. If the neocons are conservatives, I’m Monica Lewinsky. Feith and Frum, Puffy Poddy, and Kristol, what a cabal of lunch-bucket pilferers and smiling wallet-lifters!

And to think decent men like George W. Bush and Dick Cheney took them at their word. If Bush ends up being a one-

term president, look for Kristol to lay the blame on the president’s reluctance to listen to people like Wolfowitz to bomb and invade more Arab countries.

Here are the un-Kristolized and un-Feithed facts: even the most bone-headed warmonger must surely see that things are going badly wrong in Iraq. I will not gloat because of our dead and maimed, but this magazine unequivocally stated that we would win the war in a jiffy and most likely lose the peace. It is a disaster born of arrogance. We have overthrown Saddam, who had far less to do with the attack of 9/11 than, say, Bandar, the Saudi ambassador to Washington, and have succeeded in turning Iraq into what it was not before—the center of anti-Western terrorism.

In 1994, the cowardly Bill Clinton played tough guy and forced Raoul Cedras from power in Haiti. His “democratic” replacement, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, is now a tyrant far worse than Cedras ever was. If Uncle Sam cannot manage a joke country like Haiti, how will he fix Iraq, an artificial construct of 25 million in which people of different tribes and with different religious beliefs were yoked together by the British early in the last century? Spin and bull aside, Iraq is shattered, broken, and divided, weaker than it was before and more unstable. Neocon ideologues and an inexperienced president are to blame.

Long after Vietnam, Americans continued to be drawn into conflicts with people we do not understand. Most of them have ended badly. Lebanon, Somalia, certainly Kosovo, where Albanian drug dealers and thugs rule, and Muslim fanatics await to pounce on Christian countries like Greece and Italy. Now Turkey is in the middle of it. It’s time someone called a halt to this madness. ■

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